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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

APRIL 27, 1981

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Beyond the shuttle

*Science fiction
becomes science fact*



Maclean's

COVER STORY

Beyond the shuttle

When Columbia landed with routine precision on a California lake bed, the future, it seemed, had arrived. But what sort of future will it be? Along with the hope of paper drugs, stronger alloys and experiments into crystal growth, there will be even stranger notions: the launching of satellites armed with high-energy lasers, for instance. So while the shuttle soothed American egos, its return had a measure of foreboding. — Page 33



Crediting for change

The oil-price fight is just the beginning as Marc Lalonde pursues his dream. —Page 42

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Tent-up energy

Magic has struck as *Crown Tyvek* unveils the genius of a street dream. —*Page 5*



Triumph and humiliation

Hand Lénvague won big and left Claude Ryan's Liberals flled with demoralization. —Page 22



Illusion of victory

In northern Namibia, South African troops fight a seemingly endless war. — *Page 35*



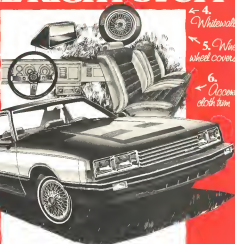
Camping It up

Dalton Camp now has to share the spotlight with his singing daughter, Cherie. — *Beck* 36

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EDITORIAL

Better the Quebec devil they knew than the pope they didn't



By Peter C. Newman

There's a kind of innate wisdom among Canadian voters that makes the astute observer shake his head in wonder. On a national basis, Canada's electors certainly were right to kick Pierre Trudeau out of power in the spring of 1978, right to elect Joe Clark with a proboscian minority and equally right to defeat him nine months later. The latest example of such collective wisdom in action was the Quebec election, which swept René Lévesque and his Parti Québécois into power for another term.

It was less than a year ago that French-Canadians resoundingly rejected the sovereignty-association option proposed by Lévesque, voting to remain within a reformed and updated form of Confederation. As long as the PQ insisted on sticking to its long-term aim of taking Quebec out of Canada, the polls clearly documented its forthcoming downfall. Then came the election campaign and René Lévesque emerged, if not as a federalist, then certainly as a political pragmatist who still believes that Quebec can grow stronger inside Canada. "We might as well commit ourselves to doing everything else that can be done as a government," he told the *Montreal Gazette* in a pre-election interview, "not leaving our convictions aside but not forcing them upon people. They don't change their ideas on things

like that [the way they change their shirts]." Only 2½ pages of the PQ's 45-page platform dealt with the sovereignty-association issue, and that was firmly to pledge that no new referendum would be held during its current term in office.

The election results confirmed the anti-separatist trend. The PQ cabinet's most vocal independence-fundamentalist, Louis Paradis, Guy Aoun and Louis O'Neill—didn't stand for re-election. Their ideological compatriots—Jacques Parizeau, Camille Laurin and Jacques-Yvan Morin—hardly mentioned the issue. The outcome (see page 20) left the PQ entrenched in power, its political legitimacy firmly established. It has been transformed into a traditional political party, strengthened by its new power base both in the province's rural areas and among Quebec's non-French voters. At the same time, the Liberals under Claude Ryan, who campaigned like an archbishop duty, have been hived off into Montreal's West Island and the Ottawa Valley.

Quebec has returned to tradition and elected a government opposed to the administration that rules the roost in Ottawa. French-Canadians are reaching out for more power but not at the cost of disturbing the basic fabric of Confederation. As Pierre Bourgault, one of the hard-core promoters of Quebec separatism, pointed out on election night: "The PQ victory has nailed down the coffin of Quebec independence."

Maclean's

April 27, 1981

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Hue and cry

Following as closely as the heels of the John Lennon murder, this latest assassination attempt on an American president is sure to raise a great hue and cry far from agitated fire-arrest. What about the people who pull the triggers? Is it not a top-out to solemnly attack an easily identifiable object and ignore the complex psychological/social problems that cause these people to become assassins?

—WESLEY VAN NEST,
Frederic, Alta.

Your account of the attempted assassination of American President Ronald Reagan clearly reveals the urgent need for greater regulation of the sale and ownership of handguns in the U.S. Until such time as the American people manage to temper their constitutional right to bear fire-arms with an effective gun-control program, prominent figures will soon be forced to don bulletproof vests at all public appearances.

—MIKE MASTROMATINO,
Toronto

Marie myldennun

I am writing to protest as forcefully as I can your magazine's one-sided and completely biased report on our multibillion mine development at Kitimat, B.C. (*Too Slowly vs. Dirty Jobs's Lonnie Environments*, March 15). I do not deny your right to give Kitimat's residents a place in the eyes of your readers, but I suggest you have a right to



Assassin, Mackinlay: people pull triggers

present both sides of the case to offset the emotional, hysterical misrepresentation which our readers make. Your writers elected to report our rail milling as "mine sludge." The tailing is ground-up rock from the surrounding hills. Heavy metals constitute a small part of the total output. In addition, the tailing will be deposited 56 metres below the surface of Alton Arm, below the upper surface areas where fish life en-

In an article in the April 6 issue *Globe-Mirror* Trials of Young Lawyers Toronto lawyer Bruce Binkley was misquoted. He said: "I'm going to quit."

ists. As for your reference to "highly toxic radium 226, arsenic, lead and mercury" in concerned, this is another case where you have misrepresented facts. These metals are present in background levels only. Your readers did not mention, either, that a mine operated in Alton Arm for five years up to 1972. That operation, as far as can be determined, did not affect the existing fish population. As a final note, you spelled my name wrong.

—G. ALLEN BINKLEY,
President, *Amos of Canada Limited*,
Vancouver

The defence never rests

Anyone who thinks there is a shortage of jobs for law graduates in taking a very narrow view of the employment opportunities available (*Job-Market Trials of Young Lawyers*, Law, April 6). True there are fewer positions as a traditional practising lawyer, but in exchange for a little flexibility there is a wealth of career paths for law graduates. A legal education is a valuable asset, it is a way of thinking that can be applied to many other disciplines. I think it would be a crime to deny future generations the right to this type of education simply because the traditional job market is flooded. The majority of Canadians seem to have lost sight of the fact that one goes to university for an education and not job training. If textbooks are to be made, serious considerations should be given to making them at the article or bar admission level, where lawyers actually practise law.

—CAROLINE J. HUNT,
Toronto

PASSAGES



RESIGNED Claude Blais, 40, as head coach of the Montreal Canadiens after the Habs lost to the Edmonton Oilers to take an unspecified rest with the team. The 17th head coach in the club's history, he served for two years after Bernie Gendron resigned. In 1968, his first season with the Canadiens, he helped guide the team to the Stanley Cup as the then-youngest Habs coach.

APPOINTED Conrad Black, 36, chairman of Hollinger Argus Ltd., as chairman of Norwest Energy Resources Ltd., fourth-largest Canadian-owned oil and gas company, succeeding Edward Boyer, 65, who will remain president and chief executive officer.

DEPARTED Soviet symphony conductor YURI YANIN, 64, died March 15.



APPOINTED Michelle Bennett-Davaker, 30, as first lady of the republic by her husband of 11 months, Haiti's President for life Jean Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier. The title shift, from Davaker's mother, Simone, dismisses a bitter palace struggle for influence between father and wife. Davaker, who returned without her power during Baby Doc's bachelor days and bitterly opposed his marriage, will be known as the first lady of the revolution, but will now be No. 2.



DEPART Joe Louis, 56, former world heavyweight champion, of a heart attack in Las Vegas. The "Brown Bomber" held the title longer than any other champion and won 98 of his 71 fights. His philosophy, he said, was: "When you've a champion, you love like one," which may have accounted for his financial problems after his retirement in 1950. He lay in state at Caesars Palace hotel, Las Vegas, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery after military service requirements were waived by President Ronald Reagan.

DIED West German terrorist Sigard Dehnan, 38, after a two-month prison hunger strike in Bamberg. Jailed for bank robbery in 1970, he is the second member of the Red Army Faction-Bavarian Gang to die during a strike over prison conditions and arrest demands for prisoner-of-war status. Some 25 other gang members are continuing the protest.





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The party's over

Your article *Islands in the Sea* (Travel, March 30) covered an ever increasing problem with great insight. An sense of foreboding would tell most observers that sooner or later violence will break out between those islanders who live in poverty and the rich tourists who come once or twice a year to indulge in the good life and its vestiges. The tour operators, who face fewer and fewer profits, had better take heed and realize that they can no longer dismiss these hungry eyes behind the fence as just sucklers who will spend their own business. The cake has to be shared and the benefits distributed among everyone, or those islands in the sea are going to turn into another Minor. Guaranteed sustenance, but not much of a place to party.

—DAVID WARREN
Oshawa, Ont.

According to your article on islands in the Caribbean, most people don't care about the standards of living or the problems that bedevil North America's playgrounds. No amount of money can pay the price of not caring, which will lead to islands of discontent. No tourist should be terrified, but some of them with a license for everything seem to have become victims of their own selfish desires.

—DEBBIE SULLIVAN
Oshawa

Pin fun

On behalf of the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association I would like to thank you for your story *Endless Army in a B.C. Pool* (Sports, March 30).

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North America's hungry playground

would, however, like to clear up a misconception that may have arisen from your article *Competitive Swimming*. Like any amateur sport, it does require a tremendous amount of dedication if an athlete is to succeed at an international level. But at the same time, the sport is enjoyable and provides rich rewards for its participants. The athletes themselves will be the first to tell you they swim for the fun of it, not because some misanthropic urge is driving them beyond the realm of human endurance to a gold medal that brings no monetary value. Working as part of a team, enjoying the company of their friends and the satisfaction that comes from self-improvement are the major motivations for the excellent competitive swimmers in Canada today.

—DAVE THORNE
Manager, Media Services,
Canadian Amateur Swimming
Association,
Ottawa

High hopes

I am tickled by the lie and bias in your article *Toronto: Jewish Without-Jew* (Canada, March 30). It is not a piece of news, but a piece of propaganda. The stimulation of prison sentences for possession of marijuana is in no sense "long overdue." The laws do not need to be weakened, but enforced so that stand it in time that people learned that there is no free lunch, they must accept the consequences of their actions. Once again, Madson's has proved that it is the kind lack of the social anarchists bent on destroying society.

—DAVID BAKER SELVIN
Toronto

Thy kingdom come

Unfortunately, in his article *Berry Wines* is a Moss Elmhorst (Religion, March 30), Barry Wines neglected to mention the more than two million Jehovah's Witnesses worldwide who remain unaffected by the recent incidents in Lethbridge and Brooklyn. We are

aware of these situations and their causes, and have been forewarned scripturally of them. At no time have we, as Jehovah's Witnesses, preached guaranteed salvation or heavenly residency—in the end, who are we to say? I am surprised at the lack of balance found within the article and, in my opinion, the complete omission of many facts.

—V.J. SALESBY,
Sedburg, Ont.

Cheased off

I have one correction to make to your *People section* (March 30). James McIntyre is the acclaimed cheese poet of Ingersoll, Ont., not Guelph. I am not even certain Guelph would welcome this credit were it true.

—JANE SAIBERTT
Reyn, Sask.

The chosen few

I was very much surprised by a statement in your article *A Public to the End* (World, March 30) concerning the hijacking of a Palestinian plane. Your article only seemed concerned about the fate of the "three Americans aboard." Does this mean that the rest of the passengers were expendable? Why are American passengers more important than passengers of other nationalities?

—J. RABENHUT
Montreal

From the frying pan into the fire

Why does Mark Courtenay, as its most English-Canadian liberal, have to apologise to the misconception of Quebec separatists that they have been colonised by English Canada (*Struggling For an Old Foe*, Books, March 18)? Quebec and the rest of Canada were colonised by Great Britain politically, culturally and economically up until the 1800s. Now both are colonised by the United States. Liberation from whom?

—JAMES BOWLER
Edmore, Ont.

Not a pretty picture

Your picture of a Law Society of Upper Canada convention ceremony showed a humbly large league of lawyers. So many, so young (*Job-market Trials of Young Lawyers*, Law, April 6). A frightening picture for those who tend to agree with Edmund Burke who said "Law is injustice codified. It protects the rich against the exploited poor, and adds a new evil—lawyers."

—P. STRECHES
Sarnia, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply three full names, address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Madson's magazine, 181 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A7.

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Beware of the body mutilators

'Men have no understanding of a woman's physical completeness'

By Sharon Fraser

"**C**onstraining knob" is one of those epithets occasionally heaped on a certain type of woman by a certain type of man. It refers, figuratively of course, to the cutting off of some guy's knobhead. Well, men should be grateful that most women are not in a position to take more literal action. Strictly speaking, castration refers to the surgical removal of male testicles or female ovaries. Another acceptable definition of "to castrate" is "to deprive of vitality or effect." Without oversteering the point, you could consider the surgical removal of breasts a form of castration. They are, after all, vital and effective.

I recently began to think about this cutting knob (then certainly intended) when New Brunswick awarded its medallion act to allow breast reconstruction following a mastectomy to be paid for by the province. But there is one catch: the removed breasts must be replaced on having been afflicted with malignant disease. (Medical insurance plans in most provinces cover partial costs of breast reconstruction, although rates are assessed individually. For example, Ontario's OAP presently covers about \$500 toward the reconstruction operation, but the total cost can be as high as \$5,000.) In the most brutal terms, this means that if a doctor performs an unnecessary mastectomy because he didn't wait for the pathology test report, the patient pays for her own follow-up surgery.

Or if a woman just happens to have a knife-happy doctor who believes that a mastectomy is an efficient preventive for breast cancer, she'll eventually pay on her own.

The disturbing thing about this line of reason, willing to do with money. It is the horrifying implication that healthy breasts are occasionally removed by surgery. The most radical feminists contend that mutilating surgery on women goes on, as it always has, because of a subconscious misogyny—hated directed toward women. Mary Daly, in her book *Gyn Ecology*, devotes chapters to, among other practices, African genital mutilation and Nazi experiments against women, leading up to a discussion of American gynecology and the similarities she perceives. Less radical feminists accept the thesis that women's bodies are treated in a very careful fashion by their doctors. Motives aside, there has certainly been an epidemic of reports of unnecessary surgery—usually mastectomies—in the past few decades. Some of these stories are, no doubt, apocryphal, but if two out of 10 are true, then we must all be very, very careful.

Here in New Brunswick, my very best friend went to her doctor in fear and close to panic, having discovered a small lump in her breast. If she had been a woman in awe of her doctor (as many women are) and less well-informed on women-related issues, she might have accepted his kindly

suggestion that he remove her breast "in case it's cancer." My friend, however, went to another doctor, had a small benign cyst removed, and now has an almost invisible, tiny scar on her still-existent breast. In Ontario, another woman made her case public on a radio program. She had had both breasts unnecessarily removed because of a "lumpy breast" condition sometimes thought to be precancerous. This is a phenomenon that surfaces now and then when a doctor suggests there is a "tendency toward cancer" or when he's removing one breast and figures he might as well take two while he's at it.

I trained as a nurse in the early '60s at the Montreal General Hospital and I was present in the operating room during radical mastectomies. To the very best of my knowledge, never was such surgery performed until that all-important call was received from the pathologist confirming the diagnosis of cancer. I can remember the lesson as everyone stood waiting—surgeons and assistants scrubbed and gloved, an anesthetized woman on the table.

And, even after all these years, I can remember the petty breast jokes that the surgeon, resident and interns shared while they waited. In those days, it was excused on the grounds that these men, involved in a major operation, needed the jokes to relieve the horrendous pressure. I would be dishonest if I pretended to remember now how these jokes made me feel then—I was a 19-year-old girl. But I have heard them since. "Look

on the bright side," a young man once said to me, talking about a radical mastectomy. "She'll only have to shove under one arm." Or during my days in a women's unit, the officer was working on a story about breast surgery. "They, don't cut too much. No need to do a 'radical' when a 'simple' would do just as well!" It is easy to assume that men (and most doctors are men) have no understanding of the importance of a woman's physical completeness. How do you know your doctor doesn't laugh at these jokes?

The new clause in the medallion act was duly reported in New Brunswick's daily papers but it received little follow-up coverage. This suggests that in male-dominated newsrooms, no one inferred from the short story that women are occasionally losing their breasts to unnecessary surgery. If a woman can't believe that her warm, gentle doctor, the one who calls her "dear" and tells her everything will be all right, could ever be guilty of deliberately mutilating her, she should at least try to believe that he could be utterly indifferent as to whether or not she loses a breast, even though he professes to have her best interests at heart. Her knowledge that this sort of thing happens in the only weapon she has when she walks into his office.

Sharon Fraser is a radio commentator and free-lance journalist in Fredericton, N.B.



Rack of Lamb's:
Every year a great year.

A dowager's second debut

By Wayne Skene

The "George" is back. The aged but still elegant phoenix of the West Coast's inland passage to Alaska,



Superintendent of reft *Fred Baillie* last word in cruise ships in '68

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the former CV cruise ship is being restored to glory, rising from a half-decade of oblivion and near extinction.

Beginning in 1948, the stately-bodied queen of the Vancouver-to-Alaska run carried more than 100,000 eager passengers on a romantic voyage to Skagway, back to the Gold Rush days of '86. One cruise a week, for 57 consecutive summers, the S.S. Prince George, with her familiar black hull, white superstructure and audacious red-orange smokestack, could be seen cutting her way beneath Leon's Gate Bridge, outward bound through the Georgia Strait, the Grenville Channel, to stops at Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Jensen and on up through the magnificent Lynn Canal to Skagway, Alaska.

After being snubbed by a small fire while in dry-dock and defunct, abandoned by CV in 1973, the George was locked around like a rejected lover. Purchased from CV by the socialist Barrett government (which intended to enter the cruise business), the George was quickly auctioned off by the incoming neo-enterprise Bennett administration in 1976 to Nanaimo, B.C., investors intent on turning the graceful craft into a restaurant. When the entry plans fell through she was left to drift aimlessly from owner to owner, until snapped from the jaws of the scrap pile by enterprising businessmen from B.C. and Alberta.

And now, like the patient lady she is, the George is being restored to her rightful and dignified role. Following a scrubbing and new furnishings, a coat of fresh white paint, treatment with royal blue and gold, will complete the majestic transformation. "We're taking a ship that everyone thought was a goner and flying in the face of corporate greed," says Ken Showers, director of Ship Operations for Canadian Cruise Lines (the company formed by the new owners), as he prepares for a May 18 launch and a 20-trip season. It was Showers who, after chasing the George for 5½ years and being outbid at each round of ownership, assembled 19 other

investors willing to gamble more than \$4 million that the George, with her 285-passenger capacity, could once again be a winner.

At the time CV abandoned the Vancouver-Alaska run in 1973, the George and her traditional rival, CV Ship's Princess Patricia, were the last remaining ships on the run. Now, with a sudden surge in tourist cruising, more than a dozen ships (including CV's *Love Boat*) shuffle thousands of passengers a month to Skagway and back during the summer season. "The old gal was the last word in cruise ships when she was built in '46," says Fred Baillie, superin-



Good old George (not, Mandanville) Gleiser ship of Jensen (above) Showers' contest around like a rejected lover

tendent of the George's reft at Burrard Yarrow Corporation's Vancouver dockyards and a member of one of the George's first crews. "People fell in love with her."

The George now sits meticulously alongside the dock like a patient dowager waiting for a face-lift. The arid fumes of oil-firing torches blend with her damp and musty odor. The stowaways remain surprisingly unspiced. The bird's-eye maple and black walnut veneer along the passageways still shines. Inspectors predict there are 30 years left in the George's hull and that her twin 1,000-horsepower engines (which Baillie claims "run as silent as kittens in cream") are ready to work again. "I'll bet a million people have heard of her," says Showers, who enthusiastically reports that despite the late start for reft, the decision to go ahead wasn't made until late February; the new owners expect to reach their first pay break even point of 70-per-cent capacity last month bookings were running as high as \$90 a day.

The George is as threat to the snugly *Love Boat* crowd. For \$665 to \$1,200 (mid-season) the George offers middle-class and middle-aged North Americans an abbreviated version of a world-class luxury liner cruise—with the fantasy of the Gold Rush days thrown in. "Fifty-five and up is the Al-



Ken Showers and his partners are committed to maintaining the legend—although he admits the seafaring 16-piece silver service in the dining room will probably go. Nostalgia was once the George's style and few feel her trademark elaborate menus with quotations from John Macdonald ("I must down to the seas again") and Robert Service ("There are strange things done in the

midnight sun...") offered sumptuous steaks or meals of prime roast beef, spring lamb and Alaska black cod served by young stewards.

For the onwards the food day out was referred to as "graze day"—when overstuffed passengers abridged gourmet gears to effect that "heavy" feeling after their first taste of three-day banquets. In between digestive walks on deck, passengers would swarm ashore at Jensen to travel to the Mandanville Glacier or revel in the rustic atmosphere (a canteen decorated with grizzly snacks) at the Red Dog Saloon. At the Skagway dock they would be met by local Alaskans decked out in period costumes—dance-hall crochets, sleeve garters and straw boaters. Kuper nostalgia buffs clambered on board the White Pass and Yukon Railroad for a ride up the famous Gold Rush Trail to Lake Bennett. Others soaked up Skagway's history, working through the cemetery searching for the grave of the legendary legend George Smith, the notorious bandit and saloon owner (the Al Capone of Alaska history) who controlled the Gold Rush trade until he was gunned down on the Skagway docks in 1898 by vigilante Frank Reid.

Confirming myths and generating memories, the George was a beloved institution to those who sailed on her. A Bellingham, Wash., cruise sailed to the land of the midnight sun for 14 consecutive years. A Los Angeles grade dance made occurred twice each year, on the first and last trips of the season. Passengers adopted their favorite stewards, lavishing them with tips (up to \$300 during her last year), paying the stewards' air fares so they could meet in the off-season. "The George," says former CV employee Anna McMillan, "seemed to bring people together."

For the moment, the legend of the Alaska run sits dignified while repair crews crawl over her fir decks and through her gutted stowaways, putting up with the moans of the hammers and drills and the gawwiness of being cramped and peeled. It's as if the lady knows she will soon be straining out under the Lion's Gate Bridge. ☐

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The clown prince of prophecy

By Stephen Williams

*Winners and losers, gamblers and losers
If they ever dream they should say
They're followers 'the never the
obvious mean
And they're caught baby, holdin'
the bag
—from The Bagholder Blues, words by
Joseph Granville*

He bears an odd resemblance to Ratso, the manuscript-strutting hustler (Dustin Hoffman) portrayed in *Midnight Cowboy*. Ratso, however, did not survive the bus ride and never made it to Florida. A bit taller, a bit slier, but with the same hawkish, hungry, bag-eyed look, Joseph E. Granville made it all the way from Tonkers, N.Y., to Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, via Holly Hill, Fla., and earned \$6.5 million on the way, telling anyone who would listen they were losers.

Granville boards stage at Caesars Palace and peers seductively into the sea of 5,000 faces. They have gathered to hear the man who is reputed to have tumbled the Dow Jones 36 points and caused a record 90 million shares to be traded on the New York Exchange on Jan. 6, when he whispered "sell" to a select few subscribers to his non-funded market letter "Ladies and gentlemen, you're losers." Granville's Ratso-like growl is amplified through the auditorium. And everyone in the audience appears to agree: "I want to make you winners."

Induced by cameras under the direction of Ron Smith, co-producer for the Bible-champing Oral Roberts, Granville starts to steele back and forth across the stage, antichristing. "The market is a jealous god," he says, his voice loud enough to be heard in the back. "It rewards winners and chastises losers." This evangelistic approach goes over well in halls like the Bay Robert Schaller's \$16-million Crystal Cathedral where Granville recently delivered his message to a packed house of 7,000 people. But Granville appears mist at home in the shrine to the darker side of the American psyche. In the past, he has dined up on everything from a chicken to the Ayatollah Khomeini to make his point, but this performance has been tailored to the nation that just elected Ronald Reagan. Granville screams: "Close it, bagholder!" A wailing dressed in a pin-striped suit, representing bank trust officers, stockbro-



"When the market speaks I get down on my knees"

kers, economists or anyone who fits Granville's definition of a bagholder, amble onstage. Granville's bagholder is anyone who holds stock, who doesn't buy at the bottom, or sell at the top. The age walks over to Granville and pokes his pockets. Then it disappears to the top of a ladder, grabs a bag planted there, and holds it all the way back down to the bottom. The audience roars its approval. Granville's smile almost laps his head in half.

Since his sell call last January, Granville, at 52, has become a household word, a prophet to a panicked and increasingly impoverished middle class. He has appeared on all the major TV talk shows and in all the major media. His crusade for a national lottery to save the U.S. economy has become the fodder for cocktail party conversations. His outlandish public lobbying for the Nobel Prize in economics is equalled only by his own declaration that the economy has nothing to do with the market. And his penchant for predicting earthquakes compelled him to fore-

cast on television that one would occur at precisely 5:03 a.m., April 30, 1981, in Southern California.

It was, as it turned out, a tranquil morning in San Bernardino, more proof that the world is not a tighter knot of infallible. What is perhaps more surprising than the occasional slip on the banana peel, however, is the uncanny accuracy of Granville's market forecasts over the past seven years. Research the mantle of bagholder. Granville is a serious practitioner of technical analysis, a science of market forecasting that discounts the conventional wisdom that interest rates, corporate profits or political events determine the ebb-and-flow direction of the market. Instead, he bases his predictions on supply and demand as seen in the volume of securities trading. That indicator, "On Balance Volume," is a Granville discovery. In addition, he uses an analysis of about three dozen indicators inherent in the market. As Granville is very fond of saying: "When it comes to the market, I'm flexible. When the market speaks, I get down on my



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knives and say "Yes master," because I follow only one authority—the market." Granville has picked three out of four major market turns since 1970. And he is confident enough to boast: "I'll never make a serious mistake in the market again."

Granville is one of an estimated 290 self-appointed market seers who take a revenue of \$25 million a year from 250,000 subscribers. This unregulated mini-industry includes everything from crystal ballers to sophisticated computer analysts. Granville may be one of

'Ladies and gentlemen, you're losers. I want to make you winners.'

his MAINT, a Toronto-based technical analyst. "It's bad for technical analysis. It's taken so long for it to become respectable." Others deplore the enormous influence of one man over the market demonstrated in the devastating January sell-off. Dr. Merton Sklarman, the multifaceted physician, market adviser and television host calls

three-year period systematically accumulating shares of the Dow Jones leading 30 industrials. Then, at the appropriate moment, they press the button and sell everything, sending the market into the greatest takedown ever, and engulfing the American economy. Benelli Granville "I had only been at Hattas a few months. I was a freak. I was somebody who read the entrails in his coffee cup. I was a guru. I was a mystic. That was how technicians were viewed in those days. People who looked at the bes scratching on a piece of paper and read the market. And then the next thing they knew I was in Walter Winchell's column and being investigated by the CIA."

Granville got to Wall Street by way of stamps. Born in Yonkers in 1905, his mother was a debutante who dabbled in the occult. When Granville was 15 his mother had the famous psychic, Edgar Cayce, do his life reading. His father, on the other hand, came up the hard way, started as a runner on Wall Street, went into banking, then lost everything in the 1929 crash.

At the age of 16 Granville was sent to Todd, a private school in Woodstock, Ill. During his term he published his first book, *A Schoolboy's Faith*, in which he wrote: "Bless yourself, Joseph Granville! Go to! God you know yourself! Better than any other mortal." Your ego craves to be understood intelligently."

From Todd he joined a traveling theatrical company called the Yoides Players and performed Hines and other classics. "I was born a ham," Granville declares. "I always had the lead in every school play." In Grade 4 he played the prince in the Nutcracker Suite. "I was always the prince," he says, proudly.

At 20, he enrolled in parasporology at Duke University but switched to chemistry and a pre-med course. Two years later he joined the navy and was sent to a South Pacific island where he wrote two books as price production covering all U.S. communicative stamps listed in the prestigious Scott catalogue.

After the navy he returned to Columbia and took economics, but it was the stamp books that ultimately got him a job on Wall Street. Merrill Lynch respected him on the basis of a test he took that told him he would never be adept at anything to do with the market but the stamp books were sufficient recommendation for E.F. Hutton, which was in desperate need of a market letter writer. "I was launched the same day as Sputnik," exclaims Granville, who joined Hutton in October of 1967.

Three years later, in 1968, he left Wall Street, moved to Holly Hill and founded the Granville Market Letter. The rest has not been entirely smooth sailing.



Granville performing in Vancouver, reading technical bible (Jelene god)

the most outrageous of the lot, but based on his contributions to technical analysis and his track record since 1974, he's among the most credible. The credibility shows up in his swelling list of subscribers—15,000 for his \$250 market letter and 3,000 who pay an extra \$500 for the celebrated "early warning call." After one of his performances, it is not uncommon for as many as 30 per cent of the gathered "fans" to sign up for at least a \$500 subscription to The Granville Market Letter. Sponsoring beverage houses will receive a similar percentage in new accounts. "After a Granville show I've had people come in here and write out a check for \$50,000 or \$100,000 and tell me to follow Granville," says Frank Deebolis, the assistant manager of Rialto Palace Stuart, the brokerage firm that sponsored Granville's recent show in Vancouver.

That's all they don't want to know. Don't follow Granville. But they make money. All my clients who follow Granville do. Lots of it. But it's the power Granville has that's disconcerting."

Granville's showbiz style and his send-ups of the shills of Wall Street have never made him a favorite in that establishment. Even those who admire his analytical techniques find his showmanship embarrassing. Says



him "a dupesman man." Supporters, however, blame not Granville but jittery and confused investors for the debacle. "It's understandable to me that little Joe Granville who wears nylon suits could make the stock market give up \$38 billion in one day," and veteran analyst Robert Stovall of Dean, Witter, Reynolds, Inc., a friend of Granville's for 30 years. "The market response is a manifestation of severe confusion."

Granville has been a thorn in Wall Street's side since he made Walter Winchell's daily column in 1967 with an article he wrote for E.F. Hutton's market letter entitled, *Are the Bulls in the U.S. Market?* In his scenario the Russians take three to five per cent of their enormous defense budget and over a

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When Granville calls his audience leaders he knows whom he speaks to. In 1974, after he missed the dramatic market turns both up and down, he was a big loser. His life virtually fell apart. After 26 years of marriage and eight children, his wife, Sandra (from whom he's now divorced), had thrown him out of the house. He slept on the floor of his tiny office, which could only be maintained through the good graces of an 83-year-old widow with whom he was friendly.

Without a phone or a business to go with it, he missed Granville's New Strategy of Daily Stock Market Trends for Maximum Profit, the book considered by many to be the bible of technical analysis, and kept looking for clues to explain the crime of his failure, which theory was fallacious, which indicator let him down. Ultimately, he blames the whole thing on golf. "I was playing golf at the time I had my eye on the ball, not the dot. I took my eye off that dot, the Dow Jones Industrial Average. I was playing great golf, though."

How did he recover? Like Elmer Gantry, he confessed. "The first chance I got to speak in public again I got up and confessed I admitted my mistakes. Apparently I've been forgiven because I haven't made a serious mistake since."

That, of course, depends on what one considers serious. In Vancouver he told a standing-room-only crowd at the Hyatt Regency that the market would go down 15 points the next day. The next day it went up eight. Particularly unreliable are his predictions on individual stocks. Although Granville scored superbly in predicting the boom in gambling stocks in 1978, he scored in 1980 was unimpaired. Chief among his followers was a buy recommendation as troubled Chrysler Corp. Ultimately, Granville states his reputation rest on stocks but on forecasting major turning points in the market as a whole, but even here he is under attack. After the Granville-inspired sell-off on Jan. 6, he forecast a steady decline from the Dow Jones peak of 1983 reached on the same day. Instead, however, the New York market has recovered to its previous high. If it begins climbing to significant new highs of 1980 or 2000, as some are predicting, Granville will have struck out as badly as he did in 1974. If it takes a nose dive first, he will be vindicated.

As the market moves, so does Granville's reputation, and yet he seems to thrive on the precarious state of dependence. Like the god he worships, it appears that Granville would bounce back from any disaster. As he said of his enormous earthquake prediction, "Who cares if I'm wrong? I'll be off the southern coast of Australia before they'll never find me. You don't think it's going to stop my fun?"



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FOLLOW-UP

Clipped wings



The progress of the supersonic
transport (SST) is slowing down,
though not the promise. Experts
still predict that most long-distance
travelling will be "faster than a
speeding bullet" (Toronto to Vancouver
in 5½ hours) by the end of the century.
But for now, the brakes are on.

Concorde, the British-French drop-
down supersonic jet, is at least in a busi-
ness sense going nowhere fast. Production
lines have been closed down; there
will be no more Concordes after the
seven flown by British Airways and the
seven by Air France are retired. Routes
have recently been cut back and overall
financial losses are staggering. Sporking
fast routes (the plane can substan-
tially more fuel per passenger than
conventional airliners), protests from
environmentalists about sonic boom
and limited capacity of only 800
passengers have all helped to doom it
commercially.

In many ways, the chapter on Con-
corde is now closed and world travellers
are looking to the next generation of
jets—planes that must have all of Con-
corde's advantages of speed and noise
of its drawbacks. Working to fill this tall
order is a consortium of U.S. and for-
eign aircraft companies using research
paid for by the U.S. government. Commit-
ment to the project is flapping, if
only temporarily. In the new spirit of
fiscal austerity, the science and technol-
ogy committee of the U.S. Congress
voted early in 1983 to renege on
spending just \$11.2 million on super-
sonic transport research in the next
year. That represents nearly a 50-per-
cent cut from a budget of \$30 million a
year in the past decade. Congressman
Dan Glickman, a Kansas Democrat and
science and technology committee
member, told *Aviation*: "The fact that
research money has been cut this time
in no way reflects any lack or dropping
off of interest in SSTs. As the times
improve the research budget will be
restored again."

The Boeing Company, one of the
world's largest aircraft manufacturers,
is betting on the SST. Says spokesman
Bill McGinty: "I think you will find that

the second generation of SSTs are in ser-
vice within 15 years and certainly
before the end of the century. They will
travel at about twice the speed of sound
and carry 300 passengers."

Having left the usual costly develop-
ment (estimated at \$3.1 billion) to Brit-
ain and France, the United States would
like to be in on the final pay-off. Says
Glickman: "We don't want to wake up
one morning and find that Japan Air
Lines is flying from Tokyo to New York
in four hours and 35 minutes in an SST
that they have built. We must stay on
top of this one." —WILLIAM LITWACK



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conservation concepts: the importance of knowing what goes where.

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Dishwasher (hot water not included)	1,320	18	.72
Food Freezer - 10 cu ft.	336	75	3.00
Food Freezer - 15 cu ft. frost-free	426	90	3.60
Furnace Fan Motor-oil or gas	250	100	4.00
Furnace Oil Burner	260	50	2.00
Oven - Electric	1,450	22	.88
Range (gas-cooked)	12,500	100	4.00
Refrigerator-Freezer - 12 cu ft.	330	100	4.00
Refrigerator-Freezer - 12 cu ft. (fast-free)	520	160	6.40
Room Air Conditioner - 6,000 Btu per hour	836	80-920	\$ 63-18.00 (per season)
Room Air Conditioner - 8,000 Btu per hour	1,480	90-920	\$ 63-24.00 (per season)
Television - Black & White	250	30	1.20
Television - Colour	330	40	1.60
Water Heater	3,000	500	20.00

When you're buying new appliances, check the Energuide ratings to see how energy efficient they are. All refrigerators, freezers, dishwashers, clothes washers and ranges leaving the factory carry the label. The Energuide label makes it easy to select from among comparable appliance models the one which uses the least

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The Columbia is welcomed back to Earth's triumphant maiden voyage.

Beyond Columbia—a new era

The shuttle is a step toward the science-fiction dream of routine space travel

By Michael Posner

The television camera caught it first, a distant blur on the brilliant blue canvas of the sky, a smudge of light flitting in space. Seconds later, as that powerful nose boomed thunderous overhead and a full-throated cheer of 250,000 spectators sent up a raucous echo of celebration, the 88-ton bird, Columbia—America's dream of its future in space—snapped out of the California morning, landing with almost routine precision in a rock-hard lake bed on the edge of the sun-baked desert. One minute late, but right on target, the future had arrived.

This triumphant maiden voyage—the first time a shuttle launched like a rocket, has returned to Earth like an airplane, able to fly again—has been a first-seeing time for the American space

it, restoring what has been conspicuously absent for some time: the nation's native sense of confidence. "This is the world's greatest flying machine," declared a jubilant astronaut, Robert Crippen, afterward. "We're back in the space business to stay." Even before engineers began probing the shuttle's 31,000 heat-resistant tiles for damage sustained on re-entry (it was minimal), the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) announced plans for the second shuttle flight, a five-day mission this fall to test, among other things, the mechanical limb that will haul satellites into orbit (see box).

The "high" may well be temporary and, if the shuttle one day comes and goes as punctually as a Swiss train, Americans may take it all for granted.

But there is no denying Columbia represents a quantum leap for the U.S. space program, dramatically cutting the cost per launch and enabling the U.S. to orbit large ultra-sophisticated space laboratories, telescopes and satellites. Consider satellite expert Peter Gilmer: "The significance surpasses that of the moon landing."

The first satellite will be sent aloft late next year, when Columbia and three sister ships begin operational flights. Before the middle of the decade, some 30 commercial and research satellites will be nudged into orbit by the shuttle. Among the early passengers: Bell Telephone, ComSat, the General Telephone Co. and several foreign countries including Canada. But the most important client, for now at least, is the U.S. defense department. The Pentagon has booked passage on nearly a third of all scheduled flights and is even

Maclean's
OCTOBER 1981

building its own launching facility at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, assumed for completion in 1984.

Obviously, the military's interests in space are classified, the specific functions of its satellites closely guarded secrets. But it does not require genius to recognize that a 30-ton orbiting camera of the kind *Columbia* will carry is a handsome addition to the inventory of intelligence-gathering devices. Whether it is tracking troop movements by Warsaw pact forces or verifying Soviet compliance with this or that arms-control treaty, the big spy satellite constitutes a distinct military advantage now in our equipment arsenal and needs maintenance, it can be brought down into the lower orbit of the space laboratory and be repaired by teams of astronauts.

Presumably, the Postnikov will also use the shuttle to experiment with more

A flight that marks a quantum leap for the U.S. space program



advanced satellite technology, especially high energy lasers (HEL). The air force has already spent roughly \$1.5 billion on its HEL program and will soon experiment with firing a laser weapon from an F-15 fighter. The most calculations, creation of a space-based laser satellite is still 10 years away, but the Reagan administration seems anxious to speed development. Some \$21.9 billion is budgeted for military space programs in fiscal year 1985, up from \$8.4 billion in 1980.

As a weapon, the high energy laser would be frighteningly efficient. Essentially, it is targeted energy, a beam of energy purified that would melt, burn or at least double-exposed missiles or rockets. Since its beam moves at the speed of light (297,800 km per second), the laser would be able to take on dozens of targets in rapid succession. But, as a daylight beam, it also

through fog, so lasers tend to weaken as they move through clouds or atmospheric haze, losing the ability to pinpoint the vulnerable core of the target. A laser-equipped satellite would therefore represent a considerable advance. The high ground of military supremacy in space will not be easily won, however. The Soviet Union has been working on its own weapon for years and is reported to have successfully tested an anti-satellite laser more than 30 times.

If military and communications satellites have been the first to sense the shuttle's technological potential, NASA is hopeful that other industries will eventually climb aboard Europe's gift to the shuttle program, the Space Lab being built by the European Space Agency, will provide an environment for creating entirely new technologies: more powerful drugs, free of the side effects caused by gravitational impurities, stronger metal alloys, improved crystals for semiconductor. One pharmaceutical firm, Ortho, plans a joint project with Northrup Douglas to manufacture something called an electromagnetic separator, the critical first step toward development of purer drugs. Another outfit has scheduled a series of crystal growth experiments. There have been expressions of interest from dozens of other companies, ranging from the big to the small, but industrial demand for cargo space is far from approaching the level that NASA once day envisaged. Basically, the agency expects that the most active users of Space Lab will probably be the Europeans themselves.

In part, the reluctance to commit significant dollars to space research—the full cargo bay on *Columbia* will rent for a tidy \$43 million—reflects lingering doubts about its utility. For the shuttle has not solved either. Even with Ronald Reagan's Criggen and John Young were skirting through their 27th-or-higher orbits, Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin was offering a few carefully chosen words of dissent on the issue: focus and determine. "We are putting up a truck in the sky and we're being told it's the Second Coming." Proxmire noted "I'm not saying we shouldn't go ahead some day with the shuttle. It's challenging whether or not the technology is advanced sufficiently far so that we should have a lot of use of many of our most solid scientific projects."

In fact, more than half of NASA's recent budget has gone toward shuttle development and other programs have suffered. Flawed probes of Halley's Comet in 1986 and of Comet's polar ice saw in little. Others, including the launch of the Gemini Sky Observatory (for taring in to distant galaxies on ultra-high frequency), have been de-



Foug (left foreground) and Criggen, many more similar military implications

ferred. Even technologically, there is less to the shuttle than it seems. The standard. The system is not totally reusable, requiring disposable \$100-million external fuel tanks with each launch. Although the orbiter is capable of flying 100 missions, its multi-million-dollar engine will have to be replaced after 25 or 30 flights. And none of the vehicle is capable of flying into geosynchronous orbit (i.e. remaining stationary over a fixed point on Earth), 35,200 km above the Earth, where the

most sensitive engines are destined, expendable boosters will still be needed to carry satellites to those distances and the shuttle will be unable to retrieve them for repair. As a technological marvel, *Columbia* clearly has its limits.

But for every detractor there is, of course, a champion. Says New Mexico's Republican Senator J. Bennett Johnston, a former astronaut who went to the moon with the Apollo 17 mission: "Historically, the ebb and flow of civilization has taken place on the Earth's oceans. Now that ebb and flow is moving into space." Says Schultz: "We have no alternative but to go. The shuttle is only a technology. It's not a purpose. The purpose is yet to be articulated."

For Criggen and Young, the purpose was perfectly clear: to give *Columbia* up and down without incident. And despite a last-minute computer snafu (Monday, April 20) which delayed the launch 48 hours, the second flight was a textbook performance. Two booster rockets detached on cue, landing off the Florida coast, and were later towed back to Cape Canaveral. The external fuel tank separated on schedule. The cargo bay doors, opened to provide cooling for most of the 36-orbit flight, worked on command. The orbiter's maneuvering engines performed flawlessly. And the shuttle (the—designated, at a cost of \$35 million, to withstand the scorching 1,071°C heat of re-entry—was apparently intact, but for a dozen random pieces lost during takeoff). Gliding at 30,000 km per hour toward its landing area at Edwards Air Force Base, *Columbia* was for several minutes skimming in the mid-morning heat, after an hour, flight commander Young emerged, spraying from the cockpit.



Criggen in zero gravity. 'No significance surprises that of the moon landing'

Food for heavenly thought

If it there is physically possible, and it's not—difficult, at some stage, than so mother love her child of some, it often comes to pass.

—Frank Drake, director, Cornell University Research Institute, National Aeronautics and Space Administration

The year is 1981. At Cape Canaveral, in the Watson family district about the space shuttle *Peterson* for the night-hour flight to Spire 1, the earth's perennially orbiting space colony. Only a decade old, Spire 1 is already home to some 50,000 earthlings—Americans and Soviets among them—and growing faster than the U.S. Sun Belt. (It is in the last quarter of the 20th century. The Watsons are a family well-known for life in space. It's a graduate of MIT, a solar engineer, hired by NASA, the interplanetary energy company that distributes solar fuel. Lauren, his wife, is an agricultural researcher whose job will be to develop new food crops for the self-sufficient colony. Spire 1.

The trip is a hugely successful. Of course, the new empty expanse of space is now dotted with vast solar mirrors, erected during the early decades of the shuttle's history, which are controlled by orbiting satellites, beam sunlight to various regions of the earth. Jeopardizing the precious sunlight in the Northern Hemisphere and lighting up America's remote-ridden rural cities at night.

At their command, the Watsons flip the channels on their television monitors. A wide range of programming is available, including live performances



from Lanchester, space demonstrators by Jean Constantine (grandchildren of the 20th-century cartoon explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau) up-to-the-second market quotations from the world's financial capitals, Hong Kong and Calcutta and the first broadcast of the space manual *Cosmos*, featuring the Vienna Boys Choir and the Space Symphony Orchestra, now called it, "literally, the mass of the heavens."

The flight plan of *Peterson* has been designed to avoid various sectors of space where satellites were in progress. In what most observers regard as the worst of these, lunar beam satellites belonging to Iraq and Iraq are continuing the 51-year-old war between those two nations for control of islands in the Persian Gulf. The Gulf region has long since been depleted of oil, but the war goes on, closely watched by the Planetary Alliance—successor to the United Nations—and by the world's two superpowers, China and Brazil.

Waiting to assure the folks back

home that all is well, Elford Watson purchases a set of figures on his video wristwatch, instantly reaching his parents in a suburb of Osaka. The trip does allow two-way communication with anyone on Earth who carries the portable solar antenna, clipped onto a short pocket like a fountain pen.

On Spire 1, the Watsons will live in a two-bedroom space condominium overlooking a year-round summer of simulated parkland. Although arguments have been able to divert an Earth-like gravitational pull for Spire 1 by having to cities partly revolved around its space nucleus, they have not so far been able to recreate the change of seasons of Earth. Spire 1 offers some distinct advantages over the moon planet. It is a pollution-free, self-contained community, with a morale-boosting power plant. The Watsons' assignments are temporary, but, if everything goes well, they plan to live out their lives in space—except for their annual two-week holiday in Port Lanchester.

Photo by

The ebb and flow of history is now moving to space*

with the lack of a man who has just received the Nobel prize in physiology. "We've just become infinitely smaller," he gapped.

The spirit seemed infectious. From around the nation and the world, the pundits poured in, tributes to American courage, technology and ingenuity. Even the Soviet news agency, Tass, offered a careful salute, qualified by warnings about the dark intent of American military satellites in space. Astronomers feared Columbia to flout the first continental aircraft, which revolutionized safety after 1950. Engineers compared it to the integrated circuit, whose development heralded the growth of the computer age. At the very least, the Space Transportation System will make manned voyages in space a regular occurrence, pushing back the frontiers of the great unknown. In the decades ahead, the shuttle's configuration will change substantially, it will become larger, faster, stronger, capable of ferrying still larger payloads into orbit. Among the visions that inhabit NASA's current dreams is creation of a chain of solar-powered

satellites that could collect sunlight and beam it (by microwave) to Earth, for use as a fuel source. On Earth, solar energy is seldom efficient beyond a very small scale, collected in space, solar energy would be 10 times as efficient, if not 100 times as efficient.

The practical benefits of this and other technologies are admittedly some years down the galactic highway. When most Americans contemplate the shuttle, they do not consider its strategic import: in a military sense, or the commercial opportunities that await the bold—and well-headed—pioneer. What they feel is nothing more and nothing less than a tremor of old-fash-

ioned American patriotism, stirred by the notion that the country is perhaps not so badly off after all, that there's some old Yankee fire still burning in the hip young Canadians have felt this, too. It is the sort of sentiment that followed Team Canada's victory over the Soviet Union in 1972, or news of Kenneth Taylor's courageous heroics in Tehran in 1980, a spontaneous gush of childish emotion. Americans may not have fully grasped quite why Colombia is important or how computers guide its flight, but they were struck by the awe-someness of it. One watched it on the runway after the flawless descent touchdowns, a curious hard barking in their ears, and for an exquisite moment there was wonder. ☺



Now the Canadians will operate Canada as a world leader in satellite technology

ion technology. Other companies, such as MacDonald-Dettwiler of Vancouver and Aer Systems of Saskatoon, have enrolled in ground communications. From a probing \$21 million in 1975, over-all space-related sales in Canada have mushroomed and could reach an estimated \$200 million by 1990.

But Canada's industry has been plagued by what John Shepherd, former vice-chairman of the Science Council of Canada, calls "the valleys and peaks of the space business." To smooth out some of the valleys, federal Science Minister John Roberts announced on April 1 that his six-billion \$64 million would go to space development, bring-

ing federal funding to \$200 million over the next three years. The industry is pleased, though it had asked for longer-range budgeting. "Three years isn't quite five, but it's a start," remarked Alor Bishop, vice-president of the Air Industry Association of Canada.

Much of the added funding—\$40 million—will go to developing remote-sensing satellites, with scan the country and send back information on Arctic ice movements, crop and forest conditions. Other newly funded projects include meteorological satellite research and development, plans for a direct broadcasting satellite and a radar satellite. And, if they work out, Canada will be heading as the U.S. shrines in the years ahead to launch them.

—LIZ WHITNEY/CTV



South African marines crowd 'shoot to kill'

was opened by a clash between a small band of black guerrillas armed with Soviet sub-machine guns and pistols and a South African police patrol. Today, it involves some 6,000 insurgents and at least 20,000 South African soldiers.

It is also a war that has become a major international scandal since South Africa's independence a year ago. Five years of diplomatic efforts by Canada, the U.S., Britain, France and West Germany to work out a ceasefire in a pretense to elections for an independent government ran into a brick wall last January when, at a United Nations-sponsored conference in Geneva, South Africa refused to sign a ceasefire, calling any settlement "premature."

The Reagan administration has made Namibia one of its foreign policy priorities. Last week, the assistant secretary of state-designate for Africa, Chester Crocker, completed a race through 13 countries in 10 days sounding out heads of state about his proposals to revive the stalled Western initiative. It was not always smooth sailing. Six "front-line" African states—Zimbabwe, Angola, Mozambique, Zambia, Botswana and Tanzania—meeting simultaneously, accused the United States of supporting "puppet" South African-backed guerrillas trying to topple the Angolan government, and sharply "reinsured" the Westerners of their "responsibilities" over Namibia. In addition, Crocker was snubbed by Mozambique's President Samora Machel and South Africa's Prime Minister P. W. Botha, the latter because Crocker refused to call SWAPO a Communist-controlled movement. The American envoy will discuss the results of his trip with the four U.S. allies in

WORLD

Illusion of victory in the desert

A special report on Africa's longest war

As diplomatic mechanisms are the failure of Namibia is based up the work—a call for an invasion against South Africa was a possibility at the United Nations—Africa's longest-running war is now continuing between guerrillas of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO) and the South African army. MacLeod's correspondent Jack MacLeod, who returned last week from the front, shed this perspective report.

The name Rehoboth means "place of the hills," but around this hot, flat, dusty landscape in the northern reaches of Namibia there is nothing that resembles a hill. The highest point is a gun tower and observation post strewn with camouflage net-

ting. Below it are an airstrip, a parking lot filled with military vehicles and a tented army camp dotted with bright green and yellow signs in Afrikaans and English: **SHOOT TO KILL THIS PEOPLE AT 100M. BELIEVE IN YOU AND SWAPO FOR HISTORY IS WRITTEN BY VICTORY.**

Rehoboth Camp is a field headquarters for South African Infantry Battalion 34. The several hundred young white South Africans based up in this remote military outpost are in the front line of the country's battle with SWAPO insurgents who operate from Angola just night-lightaway away.

In 1965—the same year the United Nations ordered South Africa to leave Namibia and it refused—this conflict

The Namibian War



London: this week as the UN Security Council meets.

As far as the military in Namibia are concerned, however, the future in Geneva was fine. "Warriors don't ego confess," said one colonel. From the counterinsurgent side, on down to the newly private, the South Africans believe they have SWAPO beat. "We're getting better equipment, better weapons, we've improved our tactics, and we know the enemy far better," says Shale, respected Brig. Rudolf Badihorst, national commander in Ovambo-land, the heart of the operational area. Badihorst, known in his troops

gaining support. Elections late last year for a South African-backed local parliament were delayed and none of the political parties opposing SWAPO can hold political meetings. A basement briefing has been prior to a security patrol tells them. "The local population does not usually give us information about the enemy." An officer says during a briefing "SWAPO moves in civilian clothes. They operate at night quite extensively (despite a dusk-to-dawn curfew). The facts are, they are getting to the people."

Two weeks ago, about 40 guerrillas infiltrated the white farming area at

(From left) South African Foreign Minister P.W. Botha; Chirack, South African Defense Minister Gen. Magnus Malan; and U.S. Ambassador William Edmondson



as "danger," points a black picture of SWAPO low morale, badly trained and very young recruits. "Any force which loses 100 to 350 men a month cannot fight as an effective force," he says. South Africa says it killed 1,447 "terrorists" last year and as far this year since to 400, losing 85 men in 1980 and now as far this year as the process.

The main reason South Africa has the upper hand is that it has taken the war into southern Africa. "Any force that goes on ground forces strike duty, and they do so with impunity, neither the West's condemnation nor the Soviet and Cuban forces on the ground deter them. South African officials also claim they are winning what they call "the real battle" for the support and confidence of the 500,000 Ovambo who make up almost half Namibia's population. But that is not an all-or-none.

"If SWAPO has lost support, why are they [the South African] afraid of signing a ceasefire and allowing an election?" reports Black Angolan Bishop James Rindima. Even some senior South African officials serving in Namibia say privately that SWAPO is

Tsumeb. In January, they carried 120 men rockets almost two miles long over 50 km from the border to attack an army base at Oshana. A few days later, the bridge on the river near Oshana and Oshana are base was blown up. Telephone lines and water pipes are broken regularly. And the captain responsible for lifting land mines, whose victims are usually black civilians, says he fired more now than a year ago. Two weeks ago, a convoy to Oshana was attacked by a group of 50 insurgents. These incidents certainly hurt the South Africans. But says SWAPO member Daniel Tsogangwa "SWAPO's aim is not to defeat this mighty army, that would be stupid. They are trying to keep them busy with sabotage. It is because too many go on."

South Africa is a long way from being tired of the war, one it regards as crucial to its own security. It introduced conscription for all Namibians males last January and appears to be digging in. New airfields are being built on the border. The 300-km road from Oshana to Ruanos on the border is being turned. New gun towers are going up

"To eliminate SWAPO's military force and break its will to fight. That is our objective," says the South African commander, Gen. Charles Lloyd.

Thirteen years ago, SWAPO's co-founder-president, Herman Tsepo in Torro, threw the last of his life and before he entered a South African jail to serve a 20-year sentence for "terrorism activities," he said, "I know that the struggle will be long and bitter. I also know that my people will wage that struggle, whatever the cost." ☐

East Germany

Worries of the well-heeled

With Stoph not known to leave easily, but when the 60-year-old premier of East Germany urged his workers last week to raise production to unknown heights in the next five years and cheer the country with material comforts, he was visibly anxious to fend off an uncommon danger. Stoph, a man of few words, said only that it was a "political task of primary importance" to offer East Germany's 17 million inhabitants a better deal. But nobody listening to his appeal at the 30th East German Communist party congress in East Berlin had to ask what he was driving at, the economy, albeit the heartbeat in the Communist world, needed extra vitamins to protect



East Germans against the revolutionary virus sweeping Poland and the debilitating effect of worldwide recession.

After five years of increasing prosperity, East Germany has found its gains threatened. A 30-per-cent cut in deliveries of Polish coal, which East Germany uses to run its power stations, has compelled it to buy energy on the world market with hard currency. And while, like other Communist countries, it has been reasonably sheltered from the West's economic recession, it is now beginning to feel the strain with a drop in its exports to Western Europe.



Stoph, and downtown East Berlin, classy hotels, luxury goods and money to burn

To understand East German leaders' current fears, it is necessary merely to take the measure of its material achievements. These are most obvious in the center of East Berlin which, from a barren and sad place less than a decade ago, has been transformed by a building boom into a sparkling residential and trading capital. At rush hours, state-made Wartburg cars choke the broad avenues, while the first hint of warm weather brings hordes of brightly dressed Berliners with money to burn to

the outdoor cafés. Classy hotels re-stored on the city's choicest corners, and although the luxury goods on display in hotel boutiques can only be purchased with foreign currency, they add to the general impression of affluence. In department stores, food and clothing are cheap, in plentiful supply and diverse by Western standards.

Prosperity has, on the whole, made East Germans relaxed, or at least less defensive, in their dealings with Westerners. They tend to compare their living standards not with the level in other Communist countries but with the brain affluence of West Germany.

Unity in the fields, but not in the party

It was hailed as a fresh milestone on Poland's road to liberalization. But many Poles felt uneasy with their victory last week as the government surrendered to demands by 35 million private farmers for free markets.

Their slogan was tempered by fear that the triumph might be taken by Moscow as proof that Poland's embattled leadership no longer stood a big risk of halting the clamor for change. And yet the breakthrough was extraordinary. After a seven-month truce, Poland's private farmers—making up 96 per cent of all agricultural workers—won the legal right to set up an independent union along the lines of the industrial workers' Solidarity Movement. It will be the first such body among farmers in the Eastern bloc. Meeting Friday with government representatives in the northern town of Bydgoszcz, the farmers, led by 38-year-old activist Jan Kulas, got it in writing

that their union would be legalised by May 30. In exchange, they gave a written pledge that the union, to be known as Rural Solidarity, had no political ambitions and recognized the Communist party's leadership.

It was yet another climb down for party chief Stanislaw Kania, who had feared that an organized peasantry

would link up naturally with industrial workers to push claims. But the country's reluctance agricultural situation—food supplies to the markets had all but dried up as the farmers pressed their demands—and the Russian Catholic Church's open support of Rural Solidarity forced Kania to give in.

The agreement appeared to remove a

major obstacle to social peace. But it came with strong signs that Poland was heading into a new political storm. Earlier on the week, 500 hard-line Communists claiming to speak for a third of Poland's three million party members met in Torun to call for changes in the leadership and quicker reforms. They reserved their harshest language for politician hard-liner Stefan Glowacki, making it plain that they wanted him ousted at a central executive meeting scheduled for next week in Warsaw. That drew sharp responses from Moscow. There had been strong indications that the Soviet would use the central committee meeting to try to impose Glowacki in place of the mild, vacillating Kania. But Soviet officials probably were more alarmed by the very existence of a pressure group within the party. Coupled with the other dire news—Kania's capitulation to the farmers and a party pledge to allow secret balloting and multiple internal elections—events in Torun could concern the Kremlin if it fears the same choice as it did in 1976 with the Czech leadership step them or wave, 3 their goodbye. —P.L.

Farmers and government officials discuss agreement. Abolition of free markets





Pequesta election-night bonfire in Montreal: a commitment was dropped

party. They're going to the PQ and I think they were right to do so." And the Liberals' own chief organizer, Pierre Bibeau, calculates that francophone voters chose the PQ 2 to 1. "It could be that we are seen by the public as primarily the party of the English." If so, that may mean several more elections—and a new leader—before the Liberals can recover power.

Liberal victories in 11 consecutive by-elections and the referendum on sovereignty-independence had cooled Ryan's critics like the subjects of Hans Christian Andersen's vain emperor, whose new clothes only the honest and wise could see. Election night, the Liberal leader paraded naked as his self-proclaimed "mischief" garnered a paltry 48 of 102 seats. Ryan's methods were laud, age-defying, serene, contempt for television and an apparent conviction that incessant shaking of hands in shopping centres was an effective substitute for modern campaign techniques. For the lack of anything else, the Liberal campaign concentrated on Ryan's personality—a hard product to sell when its major traits of arrogance, authoritarianism and brittleness were packaged in a neat body and a face party from too many hours in dark studios recounting official reports. It wasn't Ryan's image that was at fault. It was his reality. Says re-elected Liberal Reed Schoon: "There are going to be a lot of suggestions made to Ryan over the next little while. Some of the things he'll find very difficult to accept because they go against his nature. He doesn't like image-making, public manipulation, but behavioral flexibility is required of the leader of a party. Ryan may well say, 'I'm not that kind of man.'"

Ryan's winning reputation was acquired through the referendum campaign when, titular head of the "no" campaign, he was backed by popular federal figures such as Jean Chretien

and Pierre Trudeau. In the election campaign, he stood alone and his name of inevitability came unstitched. Even the newspaper he once edited, *Le Devoir*, advised Quebecers to vote against him. In an eleven-hour party, Liberal organizers based in apartments from across the province to pack the

English flags in a French fleet

Neither of the Parti Québécois government's two newly elected anglophone members seems particularly proud of his origins. Robert Deas describes himself as "an anglophone by birth and a francophone by choice." And David Payne's campaign flyers boasted that he had assimilated to Quebec politics "even though an anglophone." Both men have been at the heart of momentous political events to enhance the status of French. At least one of them still fully believes a traitor to the *Langue colon*.

Deas, 55-year-old Quebec director of the United Auto Workers, led an Institute 10-week strike against General Motors to make French the language of work at its St-Eustache plant. That conflict was a direct antecedent of dark Liberal premier Robert Bourassa's Bill 82 that, in 1974, first made French the province's only official language. Deas later led another celebrated strike against United Aircraft Ltd. (now Pratt and Whitney Aircraft of Canada Ltd.) that inspired Parti Québécois revolution following strikebreaking. Deas's union following as Premier riding helped his astonishing elimination of the 11,000-vote majority won in a 1979 by-election by Liberal Salage Chaput-Rolland, creating his own 2,000-vote majority.

Both English-speaking PQ voters were elected in ridings overwhelmingly

same. But Deas was where, four days later, the PQ would celebrate its victory. It was obvious then that Ryan's proclaimed renewal of the Liberal party was largely sham and that he did not have the loyalty of the rank and file. The platform was guarded by thugs seen more respectable in appearance than in the bad old days of former premier Robert Bourassa, one, with tattooed hands and dressed in faded denim, collar upturned 1950s-style, accused himself during Ryan's stentard speech by looking at a poster in the hands of a middle-aged Liberal. As Ryan spoke, a constant chattering from his audience of 8,000 indicated that even his own party had stopped listening. Though the speech was unusually short (less than 30 minutes), nearly a third of the crowd walked out before it was over and, at the end, applause died out after 25 seconds.

Liberals don't like losers, and Monday evening, as the failures rolled in, the message to Ryan was clear: A downtown college gymnasium prepared for a victory party was shunned like a leper colony: at 6:30, 28 spectators could be

francophone. Payne, who was a new seat sliced from the constituency of Premier René Lévesque, is a 35-year-old Yorkshireman by birth and a former priest who studied theology at Rome's Gregynog University. An active PQ worker since his arrival in Canada 30 years ago, Payne has been the Anglo adviser to cabinet minister Gastelle Laurin, the creator of Quebec's current language law.

Because of that, there is little likelihood that Payne could have been elected in any predominantly English-speaking area. Another new anglophone member of the National Assembly, Liberal Joan Dougherty, was chairman of the Protes-

Payne, he bumbled contributing to Quebec politics' even though anglo



Deas

tested in the bleachers ordered off from the official and press section. By 10 o'clock, their number had dwindled to 16. When a literally red-faced Ryan arrived to concede two hours after his defeat was obvious, his phrases of sorry words thrust forcibly through the door into what they had expected to be a crowd and greeted with the least of waiting journalists, completely missing the planned path of honor in the poem. Charging ahead with Ryan in tow, they pushed the reporters toward the seats and into another line of bleachers to keep them away from it.

Ryan said the discrepancy between his party's popular vote and its meagre harvest of seats showed the need for a form of proportional representation—ironically, an old demand of the PQ, suddenly dropped once the system started working for it. But the last day of the campaign the Liberal leader had told party workers the result would be the work of "a superior will" guiding the province "May the will of the Father be done."

Such religiosity is clearly as anachronistic as was Ryan's style of politics.

School Board of Greater Montreal and she characterizes Payne as a virtual traitor to his culture. "He was one of the guys who came around to our schools to make sure they were French enough. He's English and he's doing this."

Partly because of such tribalistic attitudes, a feeling of alienation from the majority to which they belong is common among Quebec anglophones who have chosen to participate in the province's mainstream culture. New political reality requires of Deas and Payne that they seek reconciliation with the minorities they dismissed but inescapably represent.

Deas, he fought to make French the language of work at General Motors



Payne



A Premium without alcohol in Canada by Schenley Canada Inc.



Levesque fans cheer; Ryan fan cries, running rampant through the countryside

ing. According to his own assistant press attaché, Andrew Caddell "Ryan just didn't understand. He can't shake everybody's hand."

Much resentment was directed at the outsize of inexperience and fawning sales with whom Ryan surrounded himself, notable among them the born-again Pierre Pettigrew, who assistantly made Ryan a laughingstock in mid-campaign by merely standing on to his heels in April Fools' Day radio report that Trudeau had resigned. Ryan drew up a reaction statement before being saved from ridicule by older, wiser counsel. Members of the leader's entourage (which diagnosed the party's old problem) were dismissed as "crackpots" by headquarters worker Guy Gagné, while even prestige candidate Quebec National College President Augustin Roy openly blamed the defeat on "the pernicious influence of party strategists." Roy, who lost, and Ryan should quit the leadership and, like many Liberals, suggested the time is ripe for a return of Beauregard. "He would be an excellent candidate for the leadership."

Several Liberals identified with Beauregard survived the 700-megawatt move of the new-look candidates sponsored by Ryan were rejected by voters. One prominent loss was former journalist Salusky Chagnon Rolland, who became noted for teary-eyed testimonials in praise of Ryan and for nodding off during his leader's speeches, particularly those after lunch. Another was Claude Samson, Quebec's last elected Social Credit leader before Ryan converted him to Liberalism in hope of winning away right-wing rural voters. Samson's presence probably cost him many more votes than it earned.

The PQ government had issues of its own, but most of them were welcome. The only minister rebuffed by voters was Hull's Jocelyne Gauthier, whose abrasiveness made her unpopular among colleagues. The party's only Indian, Jean Alfred, was mercilessly rebuffed from the National Assembly where he had embarrassed the government by gracing the dictatorial regime of



Jean-Claude Duvallier in his former homeland

As for the weeks ahead, Levesque's biggest problem may be finding enough to occupy his large and talented caucus now that the common mission of independence is cryptically hazy for revival since a cure has been found for popular rejection.

With Ray from Anne Bureau

Ottawa

Nobody here but us chickens

They are quiet, uncommunicative men from private schools who stepped into family firms with revenues today of more than \$1 billion a year. They own equal shares of the weekend supplement *Tulay* and their newspapers claim almost 50 per cent of the circulation in English Canada. Gordon Fisher, president of Southern Inc., operates a jewel of Canadian publishing

that includes English-language monopolies in Vancouver (*Times* and *Province*), Montreal (*Gazette*), Ottawa (*Citizen*), and Hamilton (*Speculator*). Ken Thomson of Toronto—and Lord of Fleet—oversees an empire spanning *The Bay*, *Simpsons* and *Zeller's* stores, *North Sea* and *50-cent* shops in from St. John's to Knowledge. Like Fisher, Thomson presides over the *Globe* Group which "I'd like to be unknown."

Fit chance. Both men were front and centre last week in Ottawa as the Royal Commission on Newspapers held the last of 30 public hearings across the land. More than 300 witnesses have ranged all over the lot, including the three groups that control 90 per cent of the French-language circulation in Quebec, and the living brothers of New Brunswick, who own all the English dailies. But the central question is whether Thomson and Fisher have become too big to bite their nubes.

Surprisingly, both allowed that the time for outside limits on growth may have arrived. While insisting that "I have the interest, integrity and judgment to know when to stop," Thomson conceded that "there could be a point" at which "the public wouldn't feel comfortable." If so, "there has to be a controlling factor enter the picture"—preferably in the form of a comprehensive body. Fisher was less conditional and more specific. He proposes "a newspaper ownership review process" for sales

"They range from the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail* in the northeast N.E. mostly Northern light. The sales also cover more than 200 papers in other countries."

William Thomson and more sale



Guide To Atlantic Canada



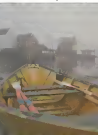
The color and content of Atlantic Canada

Canada's four Atlantic provinces consist of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and, farthest east, the province of Newfoundland and Labrador. Together, their total land area is 520,460 square km, but if you leave out Labrador—which contains some of the world's most formidable and least populated natural landscape—the area shrinks to about 243,460 square km. That's roughly the size of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, but the combined population of these states is almost 20 times greater than Atlantic Canada's. Not many more than 2,000,000 people share the coasts, towns and farmlands of these coastal provinces. Forest still covers most of it, and yet it was the first corner of North America to be settled by Europeans. It was where man's first accessible wilderness in the New World, and, south of the Arctic anyway, it may well be one of his last. Meanwhile, for those who revel in both a sense of history and the pleasures of the wilderness, the Atlantic provinces of Canada remain a fascinating place in which to be alive.

Though they don't do it every day, deer still occasionally show up on the outskirts of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. Porcupine cavers within sight of Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. Within a half-hour drive of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, moose sometimes stroll beside the highway. Within a half-hour drive of Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, great blue herons gather at tree-top nesting colonies near labyrinthine beaches. But it's the sea that gives the Atlantic provinces their natural, shared heritage. Their coasts stretch for more than 24,000 km—three times the width of the whole continent—and, over great lengths of the shore, year after year goes by without anyone ever leaving last year's. Moreover, the region boasts about 38,850 square km of lakes and fresh-water rivers, and when the frost season opens there are offices and shops in all four provinces that take on the appearance of U.S. business enterprises during the season's gamut of

the World Series.

It is a common belief in the rest of Canada that only Quebec has both a sense of its own history, and a passionate interest in it. So far as the Atlantic provinces go, nothing could be farther from the truth. Each of these provinces is history-prone. The people of Atlantic Canada look after their history and, since the area still has hundreds of small towns and outport villages, it's also a cornucopia of museums, restaurants, ferries, monuments, pioneer villages, historic sites, and the like. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island joined the Canadian



dian Confederation more than a century ago but many of their people still revere the birth of Canada as a recent event. For the people of Newfoundland and Labrador, of course, Confederation is a recent event. They joined Canada only in 1949.

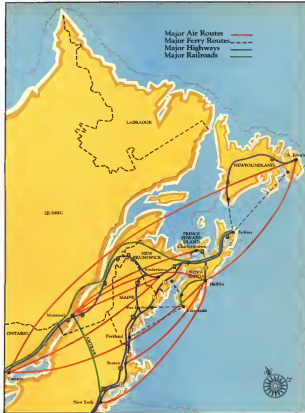
Another misconception about Atlantic Canada is that it's a cultural mosaic that it's all pretty much the same, that it's mostly fishermen and loggers and their families and that they all have a common accent. The truth is, however, that Atlantic Canada is still a cultural jigsaw puzzle of bewildering complexity. Its people are the descendants of Micmac, Inuit, German, Dutch, United Empire Loyalists who preferred life under the British crown to life under the American eagle, New England land-grabbers, British fishermen and British soldiers,

northern Irish and southern Irish, lowland Scots and highland Scots, Acadia French and many more. Moreover, the hard facts of life kept these people from disappearing into a melting pot. They lived in isolated pockets, coves and bays that were accessible only from the sea, valleys here and valleys there. In Atlantic Canada, communities big enough to qualify as cities are a 20th-century invention. (Even now, though the sudden proliferation of restaurants, discos and bars is enlivening them, they are still only Aisle cities by North American standards.)

The result of all this diversity is that the difference between a Lunenburg, N.S., accent and an accent from the Brier Peninsula, Nfld., is as pronounced as the difference between Manhattan and Arkansas accents. Moreover, the decreasing can distinguish among the fiddle music of Cape Breton Island, N.S., Prince Edward Island, northern New Brunswick and the Codroy Valley, Nfld.

There are several ways to reach Atlantic Canada, and to discover its history, diversity, wilderness and memorable coastal scenery. Good highways lead from Maine and Quebec into New Brunswick, and all four Atlantic provinces have networks of superior paved roads, many of them designated as scenic routes. The provinces can also be reached by airlines and ferry boats. Substantial car ferries link Portland and Bar Harbor, Me., with Yarmouth, N.S., Saint John, N.B., with Digby, N.S., Cape Tormentine, N.B., with Miramichi, P.E.I., Sydney, N.S., with both Port aux Basques and Argentia, Nfld. The ferries are a very good way to get a taste of the sea, which is the one thing all four Atlantic provinces really do have in common.

For further information about the Atlantic provinces, get in touch with the following offices: Nova Scotia Dept. of Tourism, Historic Properties, P.O. Box 130, Halifax, N.S., B3J 1S9 (1-800-565-7105); P.E.I. Dept. of Tourism, Industry & Energy, Visitors Services Division, P.O. Box 940, Charlottetown, P.E.I., A1A 7M5 (1-800-892-3457); Fredericton, New Brunswick Department of Development, P.O. Box 2016, St. John's A1C 5R8 (1-709-737-2830); Tourism New Brunswick, P.O. Box 12345, Fredericton E3B 5C3 (1-800-561-0423).



Easy to reach, easy to tour, easy to enjoy

New Brunswick remains keenly

But there's more to New Brunswick. Quicks of nature—the **Reversing Falls Rapids** at Saint John, **Magnetic Hill**

At Tourist Information Centres throughout the province, visitors may consult counsellors on things to do

At Tourist Information Centres throughout the province, visitors may consult counsellors on things to do

Secrets of a low cost vacation

Handoff's studio, for instance. Throughout the province, they welcome strangers. You can talk to the craftsmen and craftswomen and watch them make some of the finest items you'll ever see anywhere, and (if you do decide to purchase one of their creations) you'll have something valuable to take home from New Brunswick. Then there are the salt-fire ferns, most of them on the lower Saint John River. Local people know most of the ferns, and they're both enthusiastic and knowledgeable about nearby naturalities. New Brunswick also has

victory, built in 1851. At Grand Harbour, west on Grand Main, there's the grand old Grand Main Museum. The Roosevelt Summer Home and Park are on Campbell's Island. Barbours' General Store, a restoration from the Confederation (1867) period, has authentic 19-century merchandise. It's in Canada's oldest incorporated city, Saint John. So are the Old City Market, Fort Howe Blockhouse and Martello Tower. The Miramichi National History Museum is in Chatham, the Acadia Museum is at the University of Moncton, and the Georges Art Gallery is in

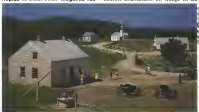
Twenty good eateries in New Brunswick

The Fine Grains. Napaño, Georges and Heidi Frachon (506) 783-3118, *Wagga Wagga* Inn, Kanihi Landing, 1000 Highway 101, Kanihi, (506) 783-3118, *Le Baron*, Edmondson, (506) 783-3329, *Peir*, L. Hyland Place, Saint John, (506) 842-2562, *Captaine Charron*, Hyland Place, Saint John, (506) 842-2976, *Drury*, Le Grand Hotel, (506) 842-2976, *Le Grand*, South (506) 536-3552, *Cyr*, St-Amand, Moncton, (506) 883-0032, *Chateau Pierre Platte*, Moncton (506) 883-0332, *Le Cerve* e *Pape*, Moncton, (506) 855-4593, *Wito's* Moncton, (506) 855-4593, *Shadow*, Laven, Richford, (506) 855-4593, *Shadow*, Laven, Richford, (506) 855-4593, *St. Andrew's*, (504) 529-8823, *The Sheraton Inn*, St. Andrews, (506) 529-8877, *The Stowe*, Club Cosmopolite, Fredericton, (506) 456-9191, *The Mervyn's Room*, Fredericton, (506) 456-9191, *Le Marquisse*, "Tofana's", Fredericton, Guy Delisle and Jeanne Ouellette, (506) 455-0655, *Auberge Elm Lodge*, St. Stephen, Alexis Phillips (506) 666-3717, *Yates*, Peter Andover, Mrs. St. Thomas (506) 275-4213, *Hotel de Ville*, Miramichi, (506) 727-1713, *Hotel de Ville*, Miramichi, (506) 727-1713, *Hotel de Ville*, Miramichi, (506) 727-1713, *Hotel de Ville*, Miramichi, (506) 727-1713.

New Brunswick: Much more than a picture province

New Brunswick is a comfortable place. It is like going home to visit family and old friends.

Many visitors come to the province each year simply to enjoy its scenic beauty, its comforting rural countryside, its long stretches of beach and its dense green forests. Others, however,



A) *Respectful Historical Village*, the planner paid homage to life

richer. Most visitors, and the *Hopewell* Cape Bretoners, have been fascinated visitors for decades. There are here the tremendous tides in the Bay of Fundy, the highest in the world; the *Puado*, tall, thin, swishing deer; *Campobello* and *Grand Mees*, some of the best beaches in eastern Canada; excellent seafood, and such edible symbols of New Brunswick life as *fish dore* and *diab*, a flamingo-shaped variety of sausage festival, and simply the joy of being of the Acadian people. New Brunswick also has a lot to offer for those who enjoy bird watching, rock-hounding, hiking, bass-fishing, whale watching, canoeing, sailing, golf, deep-sea fishing and angling for the delectable Atlantic salmon.

For additional information, drop a line to Tourism New Brunswick, P.O. Box 12343, Fredericton, NB E3B 5C3 or call toll-free anywhere in Canada 1-800-361-0123. From outside Canada, call (506) 453-2337.



See adaptation of: Hesperwell Case

Mount Allison University, the Case of Yesterday Museum in nearby Edmundston, and near Moncton the famous **Magnetic Hill** will appear to drink your car uphill without your engine's help. At **Hopewell Cape** remarkable rock formations have earned the label "nature's flower pot," and, in **Aulic Cove**, **Beauséjour**, a national historic site, breezes over the Transmar Mountains. **St. Anne des Capes**, in Capreol, is an outdoor shrine commemorating the early Acadian settlers.

Where such attractions do charge admission, the charge is reasonable with family rates available.

Wild watching on the Fandy Isles is free. Rock-hounding on the Fandy coast is free. Clam digging along the northeast coast and basking on one of New Brunswick's many beaches are both free. But man does not live by free inspection alone. He also lives by bread and, below, you'll find a list of good restaurants. The meals aren't free but they are good.

New Brunswick

come to witness the natural wonders of the province. To mention a few, the Fundy Coast with its "flowerpot" rocks, intriguing caves at St. Martins, the Tidal Bore in Moncton, and the Reversing Falls Rapids in the loyalist seaport of Saint John, all created by the tides of the Bay of Fundy, the highest in the world.

History is omnipresent. Every community has played an historic role. Fundy has a story to tell. In Fundy, a museum pays tribute to those who gave their lives in service at a lighthouse that existed many years ago.

The fascinating story of the Mi'kmaq, the "Red Indians" of the Maritimes, and Madawaska County is retold at a museum in Edmundston. Acadian heritage survives at museums in Caraquet and Moncton. In Dalhousie, the Battle of the Restigouche is depicted at the Chaleur Area History Museum, and in the seaside resort town of St. Andrews, there are over 300 historic homes, a national historic site, and an interesting museum. The MacDonald Farm, a meticulous restoration of an 1800's working farm, portrays life in the Maritimes area. In the border town of St. Stephen, the James McNeill Memorial Building features the history of Charlotte County. Koller House and the historic Bell Inn in Dieppe offer insight into ways of life in the southwestern corner of the province. In Saint John, Canada's oldest city, history abounds along the Loyalist trail, a walking tour of the city's many historic monuments, including Canada's first museum (founded in 1842).

Travelers journey to New Brunswick for the variety of activities available to an individual, family, or group. They experience nature through extensive interpretation programs of New River Beach and Mistaken Point Provincial parks, and at the province's two national parks. Stanley Arm and Capraque, the oldest of St. Andrews, teaches about nature in a seaside meadows.

For the fishermen, there is a summer bass-fishing tournament in the Miramichi headland area, deep-sea fishing excursions for giant bluefish along the coast of Caraquet, angling for salmon along myriad lakes and rivers. Many lakes and rivers are also ideal for canoeing and sailing. In recent years, wintering has also become popular in New Brunswick.

Grand Manan is a favorite destination for bird watchers, and other areas of the province are also becoming well known for the variety and number of bird sightings. This year, whale-watching expeditions by the day or the

week will be available on Grand Manan Island.

Over 2,000 kilometers of coastline feature excellent salt-water swimming with many unspoiled beach areas found along the north coast. Inland lakes offer swimming for those who prefer fresh water. If lady luck accompanies you on your travels, take in as much as a evening of harness racing at one of the province's three racetracks.

An extensive network of trails gives hikers ample room to stretch their legs, and golfers can test their skill on the green and fairways of the province's courses.

In the Casagape, the International Hydroplane Regatta draws spectators who enjoy the thrill of high speed competition. Each summer swimmers challenge the waters across Chaleur Bay in an international competition from Grande-Anse to Paspébeque. The five coastal seaports of New Brunswick, in short, offer vacation destinations to suit every interest. Route 11 in the Acadian Coast Region traverses the Bay of Chaleur and Northumberland Strait. It is a lovely drive in all seasons and "never dull" and each August, Caraquet, "the heart of Acadia" is the location of the fun-filled Acadian Festival.

Bathurst, located where the Nepisiguit River empties into the Bay of Chaleur, and Moncton, in the southwestern corner of the province on the Pentecost River, are the major urban centres in this region. Kouchibouguac National Park, with its 26 km beach, is the leading recreation area.

The Trans-Canada Highway follows the Saint John's Valley in the Bay of Fundy. In Edmundston the Four Bayshore Festival features lambshead competitions and "fire plays," which are crumpet-like pancakes. Subtropical from the main highway take you to New Brunswick, Canada's largest Dutch colony, and into the central uplands of the province, noted for fine fishing and recreational opportunities. Not far from the beautiful capital city of Fredericton, with its renowned Beaverbrook Art Gallery, professional theatre and historic attractions, New Brunswick's "paper park," Miramichi, is also a favorite vacation destination.

The Miramichi Region offers dense forests and fast-flowing rivers. It's a paradise for the outdoor sport enthusiast. In Beauséjour, the Central New Brunswick Woodstock Museum pays tribute to the early days of lumbering in the area, and each June the Miramichi Fall Festival features a lively parade of ballads and canoeists' from the old timber camps and

river drives. Superior Provincial Park and the city of Campbellton are the focal points of the Red and White Region. Organizers of the Campbellton Salmon Festival and Dalhousie Bon Ami Festival eagerly welcome visitors to participate in their numerous celebrations.

Grand Manan, Carleton Place and the Islands continue to form the Fundy Coast. While a truly authentic vacation experience awaits the traveler. These tranquil islands located in the Bay of Fundy—along with the coast town of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, the old Loyalist seaport of Saint John, and the Miramichi Park—are the essence of this seaside region.

Festival time in New Brunswick

June 15-26 — Chamber Music and Jazz Festival, UNB, Fredericton
June 16-21 — Bitoua Outdoor Festival, Tracadie

June 25-July 1 — Canada Week Activities, Fredericton
June 27-July 1 — Dromedary Pioneer Days, D'Amboise

July 7-12 — Lobster Festival, Shediac

July 7-12 — 10th Anniversary Hospitality Days, Bathurst

July 12-18 — Prov. Fisheries Festival, Le St. John

July 17-25 — St. Martin's Old Home Week, St. Martins

July 18-25 — Woodstock DHD Home Week, Woodstock

July 19-26 — Reader-Vote Festival, Négoué

July 21-25 — Loyalist Days, Saint John

July 25-26 — Post Motel Festival, L'Amqui

July 26-26 — Rothney Craft Festival, Roberval

July 26-Aug. 3 — Four Bayshore 1988, Edmundston

Aug. 2 — International Swim across Chaleur Bay, Grande-Anse

Aug. 3-9 — International Festival, St. Stephen

Aug. 7-16 — Acadian Festival, Caraquet

Aug. 8-9 — International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne

Aug. 13-15 — Grand Manan Rotary Festival, Grand Manan

Aug. 15-21 — Pioneer Days Old Home Week, Chatham

Aug. 17-22 — Miramichi Exhibition, Chatham

Aug. 30-Sept. 5 — Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John

Newfoundland and Labrador

Go to Newfoundland. The Atlantic edge of Canada

Newfoundland, the most easterly of all Canadian provinces, is 1,300 miles closer to Europe than New York. It is located almost as close to Newfoundland on the east as Chicago is on the west. Newfoundland, the lonely corner of the world's biggest province, is Canada's easternmost province and only in 1949, but with respect to the history of European settlement, Newfoundland is older than both mainland Canada and the U.S.A. At least a half century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, fishermen, merchants, sailors and sea captains from six or seven countries had turned St. John's into a port of rendezvous with unique rituals for their international fleets and drinking parties. Water Street is the oldest street in North America, and Newfoundland—thanks to both its fishermen and its use in wartime—was the first overseas colony in British history. It owed that distinction to being nearer to the sea and, since the recent discovery of offshore oil and gas, it may well owe its future prosperity to its proximity to the sea.

The island of Newfoundland—that great mosaic of mountains, rugged, lush river valleys, rolling barrens and countless lakes—dangled out there in the northwest Atlantic within a few hours' sailing of the richest fishing banks. Western man had never known. Even authors, the cod appeared to rebel at the very stone of the shoreline cliffs, and men could literally shovel live cod out of the sea to use as fertilizer on their farms. The island's gardens. In early summer, as the north-bound sun melted the mucus out of that same bleak coast, Labrador was seasonal headquarters for men who sought cod and the delicate pink fish of Atlantic salmon.

Although many nations sent fishing fleets to Newfoundland, only the French had serious territorial ambitions and carried on a long and bitter struggle to wrest sovereignty over the island from the British. Britain had, for instance, regarded the colony as nothing more than a lucrative seasonal fishing station and not only neglected but officially discouraged colonization. Gradual settlement by a resident population was eventually permitted, primarily as a deterrent to the ambitions of the French. There are close to 600,000 people in Newfoundland and Labrador today, and perhaps more than any other Canadians, they love their home province. The lonely corner of the world's biggest province may have something to do with the fact that they are among the friendliest people on earth.

When the weather's good, which it normally is throughout summer, no coast anywhere is more beautiful than the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. A good way to see them is to take one of the increasingly popular fly-drive vacations. Some facts: Newfoundland and Labrador is by far the biggest Atlantic province. It is about the size of California, which has 40 times as many people. Newfoundlanders often locate themselves and other Newfoundlanders with reference to the island's gigantic bays. The bays, coves, inlets and coastal islands give the province a huge coastline of 15,955 km (10,000 miles). The island is 40 times as big as the United States. Newfoundlanders live near the sea, often in coastal settlements with names that reveal the wit and individualism of the tough fishermen of the early days, names such as Blow-Me-Down, Little Herby's Cove, Windy John Cove, Joe Bath's Arm, and dozens more. Speaking of unusual place names, the Mealy Mountains in northern Labrador are more than 1,200 m high, but the highest point in the province is a 1,615-ft peak in northern Labrador's Torngat Mountains. The island is mostly low, rolling, rocky, with heavy forest and major pulp- and paper industries in central Newfoundland and the west. Forest covers more than half of Labrador.

Newfoundland and Labrador have plenty of historic sites to tour but, for visitors, perhaps their chief attraction is that they offer those who love the outdoors one of the last, great, accessible wildernesses in North America. For hunters, there are bear, caribou, moose and deer. For bird lovers, there are black-throated, trout, and super-hawk rivers. For bird watchers, there are stunning waterfowl sanctuaries. For whale watchers, charter boats whose

skippers know where the great mammals romp. For photographers, campers and devote who simply like to see dramatic scenery and small towns that seem to be impossibly clean air, there are Gros Morne National Park in the west, Terra Nova National Park in the east, and dozens of provincial parks. What the island of Newfoundland has not got are slushes, snakes, poison ivy.

The Labrador portion of Newfoundland is a vast area with a population of 36,000 in 31 communities. It produces at least half of Canada's total output of iron and, at Churchill Falls, boasts one of the world's biggest hydroelectric developments. Labrador's lakes and rivers offer superb sport fishing.

Highway 1 between St. John's in the east and Port aux Basques at the island's western tip is 903 km long, but

Always, it's the coast that counts. To see the real Newfoundland you should leave this island and use your way along beside the major bays and out to the wilderness outposts and backboard lighthouses on the outer edges of peninsulas. If you're taking your own car, there is a year-round ferry service between North Sydney, Nova Scotia and Port aux Basques, a six- or seven-hour trip. In summer, an additional service links North Sydney with Argentea, in eastern Newfoundland, an 18-hour overnight voyage. You can also fly from the mainland to St. John's and St. John's in central and eastern Newfoundland and Labrador City and Goose Bay in Labrador.



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Where the whales are. And the sea birds, too

Summer's the time for feeding, breeding, courting

Newfoundland summers make up in beauty what they lose in length. The heather blooms furiously. Wildflower-strewn hills into a riot of colour. Some days there's snow on the ground. Other days it seems you could step into a snowdrift. A handful of berries. Mosses, liverworts, numbers of sea creatures find summer conditions in Newfoundland just right for feeding, breeding and general covoring. Whales and sea birds, in particular, converge on certain shore areas between June and September. Their abundance makes it hard to remember that Newfoundland is a pristine, unspoiled and one of the rarest populations in the world.

Trinity, says cetologist Peter Beaumh, "is at least 10 times better than anywhere else in the world" for engineering whales. A cetologist is a whale scientist and Beaumh—one of about 200 people in the world who make studying whale behavior their full-time work—has made Trinity his home. Two years ago he and his wife, Chris, bought a covey old inn in this historic town and turned it into the home base of a unique enterprise which allows him to combine work (his) and pleasure (his guests'). Charming local spots, Beaumh and his trained guides lead "whale centres and study tours in beautiful Trinity Bay. This is not passive whale watching. Beaumh stresses. His ultimate aim is to establish communication between whales and humans, an achievement which may take only years, but it's coming to be what many will believe. "It says," "but they have to be completely unharmed animals. They have to be in their natural environment."

Whales are acoustic animals, and guests can listen to them communicate through underwater microphones, and even try "talking" back with music and other kinds of sound. Californians and Europeans have so far shown the most interest in the week-long tours, which cost around \$1,000 (including transportation to The Village Inn on St. John's, meals and accommodation). Don't think \$150-\$1,000 are an outrageous part of the business, too. People who stay for the week find they've had

an annually refreshing holiday. Beaumh says, "It's a real shot in the arm to have a 70-to-90-foot whale come right up to the boat and look at you eyeball to eyeball."

Bleken whales (toothless species like manx, humpbacks and finbacks), the second largest animal in the world, winter in southern waters and migrate northward in summer to feed off capelin. Whales have recently been entering Newfoundland's inshore waters in unseasoned numbers, scientists believe, because overfishing has depleted offshore capelin stocks. The offshore capelin fishery was suspended for the first time last year and it's possible that, when stocks recover, the whales will move offshore again. Meanwhile, they and their toothed cousins—another 10 species including dolphins and porpoises—are so abundant in the bays they get caught in fishing nets and cost inshore fishermen some thousands of dollars in lost time and gear. Beaumh and scientists at Memorial University help fishermen learn how to avoid whales. They're also developing acoustic devices to warn whales about the nets.

The wandering sea birds which nest in Newfoundland's barren cliffs and rocky outcrops every summer are, among the hardest creatures on earth. Except for their brief breeding season, they live as the open ocean, bearing the full force of winter storms. But starting in late spring they trickle, then flood onto land by mid-July from their once-desolate nesting sites seen with unseasonable birds.

No one is quite sure why sea birds nest in massive protected colonies like they do for mutual protection. Most species build their single-egg nests on exposed rock. Some lay directly on rock edges, leaving their young vulnerable to predators like hawks, owls and ravens. Some scientists believe the

crowding helps trigger the birds' laying instincts. In any case, the aerial roosts are a spectacle to behold.

Three of the most important nesting sites in Newfoundland are provincial sanctuaries and each has its own visiting rules. The most spectacular and most accessible is Cape St. Mary's at the entrance to Placentia Bay. Steep, grassy granite slopes (some 12,000 of them) rise here a 500-foot, tree-standing rock close enough to the mainland to allow a good look at the colony. Other colonies are on Baccharis Island in Conception Bay and at a site in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Indeed, the entire western Atlantic population of gannets nest in Newfoundland each year. Kittiwakes and murres also breed by the thousands on the treacherous cliffs of Cape St. Mary's. The land here is nearly inaccessible by boat, but a dirt road leads from Highway 100 to the lighthouse. From there it's a short walk to the bird cliffs.

The world's biggest colonies of puffins and Leach's petrels, two of the smaller sea birds, nest on three islands in Walsby Bay, just an hour's drive from St. John's. Besides the colorful parrot-like puffins and tiny petrels, these islands swarm with razor-billed



In summer, "slapping members" of sea creatures

auks, gullions and murres in mid-summer. Government policy forbids landing on these islands except with a permit. Puffins, for example, get agitated if the birds find the water. In around Walsby Bay, Gallies Cove and Baseline, several fishermen take visitors out to view the spectacular sea bird colonies from the water. Youghal Park Island, the third sanctuary, is severely restricted. Nearly all the common murres on the side of the Atlantic breed here, 45 miles off the northeast coast of Newfoundland. The Funks used to be an important home of the great auk, a flightless sea bird which was hunted into extinction even though the island has no place in land mammals. As long as visitors respect the other sanctuaries, they will remain accessible.

Glorious, glorious Gros Morne

It may just be the most breathtaking national park in all Canada

Nothing in Canada east of the Rockies and south of Labrador can compare with Gros Morne National Park on Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula. Being the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it's a scenic bombshell. It's got swimming beaches, salmon rivers, awesome glacial gorges and fjords—all within sight of the caribou trails, a sub-arctic tableland 610 m high in the Long Range.

Gros Morne Mountain (the New Englanders call it the Grand Cap) is typical of its neighboring peaks. Broadly, flat-topped, rising 806 m above Bonaventure Bay, its slopes dressed in green and black, its edges rounded and steep, sheared off by mile-deep rivers of ice. The Long Range Mountains are considered as just one ice age, but all the ice ages the world has ever known.

The park, an hour's drive north of the city of Corner Brook, offers the motor camper a bit of the saga—the subarctic forest here is well as wild and the scenery is as dramatic as anything outside. You can fish for salmon and sea trout in some of Newfoundland's most famous streams (fisheries are sold by dealers and outfitters, not by the park office). In August you can get hiking on the coastal legs. You can make boat tours on mountain-ringed freshwater lakes. All this without walking any great distance. But the park's finest attractions are reserved for the hiker and backpacker.

Treeless barrens on the 610-metre plateau are unparalleled for the Newfoundland caribou, the world's biggest reindeer, with the most extraordinary rack of antlers. Every caribou head on the trophy list has come from Newfoundland. These are the most plentiful caribou in North America, numbering more than 20,000.

Arctic hares—huge white rabbits with black-tipped ears, pale grey in summer—are found here in thickets, rarely in larger groups. Unlike other rabbits, they are social. They often breed on land, feed only, like kangaroos. You won't find them anywhere else in southern Canada, and they survive here only because the alpine barrens of the Long Range, unsuitable to lynx. Wherever lynx roam, these giant hares become extinct. Even in the Long Range they are uncommon, but you may see some on the top of Gros Morne. Here, too, you will find the rock ptarmigan, a game bird of great beauty and rarity.

The most spectacular scenery, like

the rare birds and beasts, awaits those who climb to the plateau. The view from the top, down the great fender to the sea, is even more striking than the changing panoramas on the highest. Of the thousands of visitors who pass through Gros Morne each summer, a few hundred climb to the plateau, but very few indeed go beyond the edge of the escarpment. Backpack travel here is not for the novice.

Most visitors are content with one or more of the many guided hikes (up to six hours long) or with a self-guiding trail to the top of Gros Morne. The terrain on most hikes is varied. Bog, mountain, forest, beach, tidal flat, tableland. In summer the dry ridges blaze with the red-purple of arctic rhododendrons. Beds of blue flag iris fill the wet meadows. Bogs boast scabious-flowered pitcher plants and delicate orchids. Woodland glades glew with showy blue lilies, yellow wild lilies, slippers, and purple meadow flowers. The forest has a special feel of cotton grass, silver-white or glowing orange-brown.

The park has three well-served campgrounds and wilderness camping on its trails. The main campground has facilities, laundry facilities, a dumping station, a horse-drawn trailer. If you must play things in, bring your own gear.

Fishing villages—Trotter River, Rocky Harbour, St. Pauls, Cow Head, and the settlements of Norris Point and Bonaventure—are intimately associated with the park. Here, visitors can not only observe fishermen at work but also, for a small fee, go guiding with them. Even if you've never caught a fish, it'll take you about an ounce to learn how to catch one on a jig.

Of the various boat trips, one of the best is Reg Harbour's tour of Western Brook Pond—a former fjord, now cut off from the sea—that penetrates 26 km into the heart of the mountains, low into the folds of the waterfalls. Ask about this tour, as well as the hiking schedule, at the park office. While there, pick up a copy of the interpretive newsletter, *Twelve*, named for the park's mounted apes. It has a calendar of events. Get a park map, too. Gros Morne is run by park employees include campfires, songbirds, demonstrations, interpretive lectures, films.

St. Paul's Inlet, a huge salt-water lake connected to the sea by a narrow

pass, has a herd of about fifty harbour seals, some simply or in small groups. This is one of the few places where you can see these handsome five-foot animals without spending days searching. With luck, you may see whales in Bonaventure Bay from the dock of the ferry boats plying between Norris Point and Woody Point. These small ships take six to eight or ten cars, as well as foot passengers, on 20-minute runs across the bay.

The northern part of the park has great sand beaches, with dunes that, in some spots, reach into the forest, a killing area as they go. The water is cold, but in the more protected places it's fine for hardy swimmers who enjoy water temperatures between 12° and 17° C.

The road to Trout River crosses a "moosecape" of soft-yellow rocks. This unique stretch of barren is a sight no visitor should miss. Cow Head is another "must." It not only has a superb beach with splendid dunes, but cliffs of reddish limestone (igneous rock) and a forest of stunted trees, embedded in shale. The two kinds of stone contain fossils formed hundreds of millions of years ago in totally different environments.

Gros Morne's 1,546 square km are flinger by 72 km of coast in endless variety. Great sea stacks, which the rugged places where headlands are submerged, below the ocean, rise to rubble. Tidal flats shelter dunes, feeding flocks of migrating shore birds, as well as nesting species such as sandpeeps, ringed plovers and greater yellowlegs.

Along the coast, tidal pools are brilliant with false corals, sea urchins, starfish, sponges and sea anemones. Beds of red, green and brown kelp sprout into fish. Mossy pools, and other brilliant and delicately coloured jellyfish are common in the pools and along the shore, especially in late summer. At night the nocturnal and other phosphorescent species make the water glow with cold fire, and sometimes outline a swimming fish or animal in an unearthly halo of greenish light. Guided hikes along the shore, over tidal flats, and among the tidal pools, are among the park's finest attractions.

Newfoundland summers are extremely variable. The 1988 summer was particularly good. October has a two-month drought in not uncommon. When you visit Gros Morne Park prepare yourself for rain as well as sun. But whatever the weather, the park has an eerie beauty that's all its own.

Nova Scotia

In Nova Scotia, they're celebrating the deep, blue sea

No town in the province is more than a short drive from salt water

It's the summer of '81, Nova Scotia's tourism theme is "Seaside Spectacular" and, according to government publicity, it'll be "a province-wide celebration highlighting our marine heritage and maritime way of life." There's certainly no lack of ideas celebrating Nova Scotia's seagoing history. From salt water to salt water, the province is nowhere wider than 128 km and, though its total length is only 576 km, its shoreline—with great fingers of sea ribbing the land—7,640 km. That's longer than the breadth of the whole continent. More than 180 lighthouses and fog alarms help vessels find their way between the sea and the ports of Nova Scotia. The sea, more than anything else, has defined the province's character, and back in 1942 an American-born writer named Dorothy Duncan had this to say:

"Except for the convenience to transportation of a 17-mile-wide isthmus, Nova Scotia is an island."

In every other sense, an island, with all the self-contained unity and distinction that every small inhabited bit of earth entails surrounded by water seems to possess. Its isolation is one of the most distinctive in the world, for no matter what happens to be colored on a map it remains almost every one of a lobster. There its geographical simplicity ends, however, for no place is more difficult to fit into a single phrase."

Nova Scotia's shape may remind you of a lobster but it reminds others of a giant pear, and the pear's strategic location in the sea is the key not only to its trading and wartime history but also perhaps to its entire economic future. That, and the oil and gas that so many believe will soon come from under the sea. But it was fish that mattered first. The first western Europeans to visit Atlantic Canada after the Vikings were probably not the famous explorers—with their proclamations and dreams of Cathay—but, rather, a few fishermen. The fish herd-

the men and, as the generations became centuries, the fish were the impetus for the building of thousands of vessels. Vessels to catch fish, carry fish, and bring home whatever the fish could bring in strange ports. Vessels that took their graceful shape as hundreds upon hundreds of beaches, coves and inlets around Nova Scotia's massively intricate shoreline.

The fish then were a reason for the growth of trade, the maturing of master shipbuilders, the rise of the timber industry, the survival of towns, and in far reaches up and down the shore the fact that, come winter, there'd be something salty to eat with the boiled potatoes. The fish are the backbone of Nova Scotia's proud, seagoing tradi-

tion. Marine, across the Bay of Fundy mouth to Yarmouth, N.S., from Wood Islands, P.E.I., across the Northumberland Strait to Charlottetown, N.S., and from Saint John's, N.S., across Fundy to Digby, N.B. (Speaking of pleasures from the sea, Digby is famous for its harvests of that marvellous shellfish delicacy, the sea scallop. For those who'd rather game fish, there are squids at Yarmouth, Sydney and Halifax (latterly known as "squid") Once here, you can come on a network of high-speed highways and good secondary roads to help you celebrate the Seaside Spectacular.

The province has nine designated tourist trailways. Though each has its own scenery, history and culture they are alike in that they all start in the *Three Sunsets Trail*. For instance, points about 40 beaches. The *Gloucester Trail*, leads you to the world's highest tide. The *Coastal Trail* circles the Cape Breton Highlands and, starting up to 3600 above sea level, reveals sensational seascapes. It's among the most spectacular drives on the continent. Then there are the *Evangelical Trail* in the Annapolis Valley, the *Lighthouse Route* on the South Shore, *Marine Drive* on the Eastern Shore, the *Flour-de-lis* and *Cashid Trails* in Cape Breton, and the *Wallace-Dartmouth route*, which enables you to explore the province's biggest and most cosmopolitan urban area.

You may also choose actually to go to sea for a while. *Bonaventure* is the name of the ship you can choose that became famous in the Twenties and Thirties that her image still sails, close-hauled, across the Canadian drive, and throughout the summer this second Bonaventure takes visitors on sailing cruises (like the *Marine*). Moreover, charter boat skippers on various Nova Scotia coast take visitors out to sea to fish, feed, or enjoy the scenery. At beaches and along scenic stretches of coastline, there are both provincial and privately run campgrounds. Moreover, since no town in Nova Scotia is more than a short drive from salt water, celebrations will occur inland as well, at fairs, folk festivals, craft markets and concerts. Good places to explore Nova Scotia's maritime heritage are the *Halifax Maritime Museum* (Light House), the *Maritime Museum of the Maritime Museum of the Maritime Museum* (Marine Drive). But they, of course, are merely two among dozens of ways to join this summer's province-wide Seaside Spectacular.

The Annapolis Valley: A welcome sight for city-sore eyes

For generations, visitors from the big cities of North America have been discovering and rediscovering the lush farmland of the history-drenched *Annapolis Valley*. First settled by the Acadian French more than 300 years ago, and later "the apple orchard of the British Empire," the Valley is still the fruitbasket of Nova Scotia. You can buy fresh fruit and vegetables at farmers' roadside stands, and on some farms you can even pick your own. The *Evangelical Trail* winds through the Valley, and in just 40 minutes you'll find picnic spots, campsites, public beaches, historic sites, monuments and museums. If you're in the Valley in early June, you'll enjoy the five-day *Apple Blossom Festival* bring your camera. The festival is a celebration of the apple blossom from among provinces representing towns up and down the length of the Valley. At blossom time, a winter deciduous in 1902 the pink and white foam of the orchards "in like a glorified natural bubble bath, covering the entire valley floor." A local manufacturer has been able to imitate with accuracy "It's still like that."

On the Eastern Shore, you can catch fish, eat fish, dive into history

Whether in deep-sea or freshwater fishing that grabs you, you'll find it on the Eastern Shore. Brown trout is abundant in the *Brookhaven River*, and, in coastal waters, bow-tie plaid the bounty of those who like to go after big fish. Not only fishermen but hunters as well come to the Eastern Shore in search of their favorite game. The area is abundant in wildlife, and also offers sailing, scuba-diving and swimming in clean water. For those who prefer the serenity of a lake, there's excellent canoeing. Not surprisingly, the Eastern Shore boasts plenty of good restaurants. You'll likely find a good place to eat, or a lovely supper where, for a reasonable price, you can dig into down-home cooking. Moreover, at Tangier there's a smokehouse that, among gourmet, is world-renowned for its smoked salmon. Its old and modern fishing boats. At *Shubenacadie Village* you can sample meals from an 1880s menu, watch villagers in period costumes spin yarn, make quilts, hook rugs, work in the blacksmith's shop, and tour through restored pioneer houses. Like fishing, the Annapolis Valley is a treasure trove of what the Eastern Shore is all about.



Schooner *Bluenose* ghosts out of the past

The spooky beauty of the Fundy Shore

When faced with baggages about other countries, Nova Scotia's greatest 19th-century statesman, Joseph Howe, speculated there with an unanswerable question: "How high does your tide run?" At low tide were those of the Bay of Fundy and, of course, they're still the highest in the world. Boatsmen racing more than 15m, regularly leaving ocean-going ships high and dry. Fundy fishermen swing nets on poles in the sand, and after the tide recedes, just walk up to harvest their catch. The Fundy Shore is rich in folklore and legend. It was from *Bonaventure*, that Gloucester, master of the *Marine* Indiana, was said to rule supreme. Then there was that famous mystery ship, the *Marine Celeste* built here at *Spencer's Island* in 1861, she was later discovered drifting off Portugal, with her cargo intact. With all that sea and everything in order, but not a person on board or ever found. "You can find antiques, apples and other semi-precious stones on Fundy Shore beaches. Local craftsmen use them to make jewelry. Baskets of geologists find a wealth of fossils, and other relics from prehistoric times along the beaches of Joggins Island a way, at *Springhill* you can go down an icy shaft at the *Mine's Museum*, and ponder the heroic lives and tragic deaths of coal miners.

The water's warm on the Northumberland Shore, and the livin' is easy

Miles of unworked sand beaches fringe the Northumberland Shore, and they're among the best on the continent. Moreover, in summer they boast the warmest ocean water north of the Carolina. To find them, you take the *Sunrise Trail*, which starts at Annsbury and meanders 200 km, mostly along the coast, to the *Cape Cove*

way, gateway to Cape Breton Island. Along the way, you can explore local museums in pretty villages, breathe in the salty air, and, of course, go for an ocean dip. That salty air stirs up appetites, and a good way to satisfy your hunger is to find one of the many chow-houses and barbecues. Maybe you're one of those for whom the living things are interesting than the haunting sound of Scottish bagpipes. If so, head for the *Highland Games in Antigonish*. They're the oldest continuing Highland spectacle in North America. Scots began to settle this part of Nova Scotia in 1713. It remained the heart of home. Some eventually moved west—an old story for Nova Scotia—but now visitors from all over the continent come here not only to enjoy nature but also to re-establish roots that go back a couple of centuries. The Shore promotes the start of bagpipes, the swirl of kilts, and a visit to a boat.

The South Shore is seagoing history

Many believe the South Shore is the most picturesque Nova Scotia. It's got rugged coastline, pretty fishing villages, secluded sand beaches for soaking up the sun, and probably more seagoing history per square inch than any other part of the province. A drive along the *Lighthouse Route* brings this history alive, a history of privations who terrorized American shipping during the War of 1812, great schooner fleets that once sailed to the fishing grounds off Newfoundland, and run-around who defied weather. The low tide of the world's greatest fishing ports, there's an excellent waterfront *Fishermen Museum*. It includes the last of the old fish schooners, and a *Prohibition-era* rum-running boat. Closer to Halifax, a road to the water keeps you close to the *Water's Edge*. Here you'll find the most photographed fishing village in the world. Few appreciate, however, that next to *Peggy's Cove*, there's another fishing village that's every bit as picturesque as *Indian Harbour*, a cluster of weather-beaten fishing shacks perched on the rocky sea coast, a postcard-perfect on the South Shore, it's a good idea to chat with local people. Someone might just open up a sea story you'll never find in a book. Indeed, at *Keegan's National Park*, there are some gorgeous 100 km of ocean. Along the coast, across the shore, and seven ocean routes into the

depths of an enchanted forest. The park is 380 square km of lakes, berry forests, and glacier-scarped hills. In fact, it is part of the quintessential Nova Scotia.

Halifax-Dartmouth hustle and history in the "twin cities"

Lined by two bridges and modern ferries, facing each other across a superb natural harbor, Nova Scotia's "twin cities" of **Halifax and Dartmouth** offer the most urban experience in the province. Halifax is the capital. Raymond Kipling called her "The Warden of the Harbor of the North." Founded in 1749 to preserve peace, she thrived on war. She was a garrison town and, to some extent, still is. She was a seafaring town, a provisioning town, a trading town, a prize, providing, anti-galleon-fallen, a battle, post-attack, anti-convict, a shipyard, and a parochial little port. Now, she's a year-round airport, the commercial capital of the region, a bustling, cosmopolitan city. But there are places where you can savor her history. The fortress on **Citadel Hill**, with its **military and historic museums**, the lovingly restored **Public Gardens**, so much like an old, formal British park, and all along the restored stretch of the waterfront. At **Atlantic Properties**, an ambitious restoration that's one of North America's finest harborfront areas, the 19th-century warehouses and eateries and, smack up against the wharf, the graceful black hall and looming masses of the magnificent **winery, Atlantic House**. (You can go for a short walk on her roof. Both here and elsewhere in the city, some of the best restaurants in Canada serve fine seafood, including internationally famous Nova Scotia smoked salmon, locally famous Solomon Gundy (a tangy concoction of pickled herring, and all the other entrails) and the hais of fish chowder and anchor-making that honor a heritage going back to the early 1800s. Cape Breton, however, is rich not only in its French heritage but also in the traditions, history and even the speech of the Scots who settled here in the 18th and 19th centuries. The town of **St. John's** boasts the only **Queen College** in North America. Since 1979 it's been helping preserve Scottish culture, and in summer it offers courses in Highland dancing, arts, crafts, pipe-playing and the weaving of tartan. On the north shore, the oldest salt-water ferry system in North America

Nova Scotia

"For simple beauty, Cape Breton outlives them all"

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone among other things, lived in and loved the sweet village of **Bethesda**, Cape Breton Island, and he once wrote, "I have travelled around the globe. I have seen the Canadian Rockies, the Andes and the Highlands of Scotland. But for simple beauty, Cape Breton outlives them all." There's a memorial to Bell in Bethesda and, more interesting than that, the **Alexander Graham Bell Museum**. Bethesda is the traditional beginning and end of **The Cabot Trail**, the circular highway that skirts the coast of the Cape Breton Highlands—and anyone who has driven around the trail on a fine day might agree with Bell's deathless opinion of Cape Breton's beauty. The Cabot Trail, named after the explorer who sighted British waters in 1497, is a breathtaking introduction to roaring cascades, white bluffs, lush glens, and dizzying views of sky, ocean, forest and stone. Then there's **Fortress Louisbourg**. Started by the French 168 years ago, this massive walled city eventually housed more than 5,000 men and was the biggest prison in North America. The British destroyed it in 1760 but, thanks to the most ambitious historical reconstruction in Canada, it has risen from its own wreckage. Its inhabitants go about the 18th-century business of shops and 18th-century French clothing and, if you choose to plunge into the misty past with them, don't forget your 20th-century camera. Another way to explore Cape Breton's back beaches is to go to **St. Peter's**, where the Bras d'Or Lakes meet the Atlantic Ocean, and follow the **Finns-Bea Trail** around the Acadian, French-speaking island of **Île du Montserrat**. It has rocky coves, handsome fishing villages, and a colorful mix of the hais of fish chowder and anchor-making that honor a heritage going back to the early 1800s. Cape Breton, however, is rich not only in its French heritage but also in the traditions, history and even the speech of the Scots who settled here in the 18th and 19th centuries. The town of **St. John's** boasts the only **Queen College** in North America. Since 1979 it's been helping preserve Scottish culture, and in summer it offers courses in Highland dancing, arts, crafts, pipe-playing and the weaving of tartan. On the north shore, the oldest salt-water ferry system in North America

steeped in Scottish tradition, and towns on the shores of the magnificent **Bras d'Or Lakes** boast such Scottish names as **Innis** and **Ben Eoin**. Bras d'Or, mislabeled by highland seamen, resembles a Scottish loch. Cape Breton Islanders regard this 640-square-kilometre island sea as the world's most beautiful sheet of water, and they aren't the only ones. Cape Breton is also proud of its mining history and the tough men who, for generations, have been plying down the shafts some of which stretched for miles under the sea—to bring up coal. You can tour old mines, such as the historic French workings at **Port Menace**, or modern ones, such as the **Prosser Colliery, Sydney Mines**. The miners' **mine-ghost** is a popular local legend. It might be more than the beauty that attracted Bell. It's also a mixture of remarkable people. They're worth meeting.

The smart way to check into Nova Scotia

From anywhere in Canada or the continental United States, you can make reservations in Nova Scotia, and you can do it toll-free. CHECK IN, Nova Scotia's computerized system for reservations and travel information, is linked to more than 270 hotels, motels, campgrounds, car-rental outlets, etc. CHECK IN has similar listings in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland. Once in Nova Scotia, you can make reservations in person at tourist centres in Yarmouth, Annapolis, Port Antigonish, Port Hastings, Halifax, Windsor and Lunenburg. Nova Scotia's own reservations centre at Wood Islands P.E.I. In addition to its concierge service, CHECK IN's computer has information on accommodations, weather, ferry schedules, car rental companies, festivals, special events, etc.

Here's a CHECK IN directory if you're in Nova Scotia (outside Halifax-Dartmouth). New Brunswick: **Prince Edward Island**, call toll-free 1-800-565-7105. If you're in the Halifax-Dartmouth area, just call 423-5464. From Quebec, and from Newfoundland and Labrador, call 1-800-565-7180. From Ontario, call 1-800-565-7140. From the rest of Canada (except B.C.), the number to call is 1-866-565-7166, but from B.C. it's 1-236-565-7166. Finally, the CHECK IN number from anywhere in the continental U.S.A. (except Maine) is 1-800-341-0246. From Maine, it's 1-800-492-0643.

Prince Edward Island

Prince Edward Island: Why not come on over?

The water's warm, and so are the people

I small is beautiful, Prince Edward Island is easily the most beautiful province in Canada. All true Islanders know this. All true Islanders also endorse the message of an old country-and-western song that says, "Prince Edward Island is heaven to me. A little heaven. The island consists of roughly 120,000 people living on 5,666 square km. British Columbia alone is 164 times bigger than P.E.I. There are 68 times as many people in Ontario as there are in P.E.I., and three times as many Indians in Toronto as there are Islanders on the Island. But despite its tiny population, the Island is the most densely populated of all Canadian provinces. That's partly because roughly 80% of its precious land is productive, and it boasts about 4,500 farms. It has only one city. That's Charlottetown, the capital, and even that's got only about 20,000 people.

The Island rarely has more newcomers than any other corner of Canada. Its Old Country residents, its history, and the intensity of its environment have inspired assorted boaters to dub it the Garden of the Gulf. Canada's Garden Province, Spud Island, the Million-Acre Farm, Holiday Island, the Million-Acre Playground, and the Cradle of Confederation. It's also been called both "the most British" province in Canada and "the Kentucky of Canada." Islanders love horses but their most passionate interest in horses lies not in the sport, but in the fact that it occurs in the Kentucky Derby, which is the harness racing. It, of course, has its roots in farming, and you need only drive around the countryside or fly over the island, observing the checker-board pattern of the land, to know that farming is still what it has always been to P.E.I. The key to its survival.

But tourism is also vital to the economy and, in recent years, motels, hotels, restaurants, golf courses and other tourist facilities have sprung up throughout the Island. Each year, Prince Edward Island is chosen to be a whole lot more people than the Islanders. At least 700,000 tourists visit the Island every summer, nearly six times the native population.

They come for its beaches, its climate, its gentle, rural pace. And they come for its pretty, memorable and varied scenery. Miqum Indians, who called the Island **Absgeegit** ("cradled on the water"), were among the first discoverers of its natural charms. Miqum legend says that after the marooned Gloucester finished painting the beauties of the world, he dipped his brush into a mixture of all his colors and created his favorite island, Absgeegit.

A governor of Mississippi once called the Island, "A wave-washed, wind-swept, sea-kissed, air-cooled province—the most beautiful I have seen." In orderly cultivation, its lush green fields, the richness of its soil, the warmth of its summers and the long

days and tidal inlets make the coast intimate. In other respects, too, the Island is bigger than it appears. It has more than 4,500 km of roads, for instance, including three designated scenic routes: Lady Shipper Drive, Blue Heron Drive, and Kangs Byway. Stranded by warm ocean currents, the Island's climate is milder than mainland Canada's. Average high and low temperatures in July and August range from a balmy 23° C to a brisk 14° C. Modern ferries carry people and vehicles across Northumberland Strait on two routes: Between Cape Tormentine, N.B., and Burin, P.E.I.; and between Charlottetown, N.S., and Wood Islands, P.E.I.

The Island is as rich in history as it is in potatoes. Spotted by French explorer Jacques Cartier in 1534, it was claimed for France and named **Île St. Jean**. French colonists didn't begin to settle the island till about 1720. British troops captured it in 1758, the French formally gave it to Britain in 1763. The British named a Prince Edward Island in 1789. For a century, ownership of the Island by absentee landlords in England caused bitter political strife. The colonists won con-

trol of their local affairs from Britain in 1857. In 1864, delegates from the Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and what are now Ontario and Quebec met in Charlottetown at one of the most historic conferences in Canadian history. It led to the creation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867, though with typical insular independence, the Island itself chose to join Canada only in 1873 and, even then, only with reluctance. Island pride expressed itself nationally last year, when the premier of the province urged red pants on a network TV show by explaining that he was an Islander first and a Canadian second. Islanders are like that. They're also among the friendliest of all Canadians.

The Island's scenic ocean-view sites are actually warm enough for swimming. The domes are magnificent on the north shore, but the south side has blue beaches, too.

Most of its summers all combine to give the Island an air of both the imagined safety of bygone times and not rural magic. It has the best beaches in Canada and, since visitors soon accustom themselves to the flowery pretenses of the interior, the grandeur of the boarding, unimpaired, dashers of the north shore often comes as a surprise. (The water, however, is a bit warmer on the south shore, overlooking the Northumberland Strait.)

The Island is a gently rolling plain. Its highest point is only 142 m above sea level. The coastline, at 805 km, is roughly four times as long as the Island itself. Hibernian and Miqum boys nearly cut the province into three parts, and these and other

**If you love lobster,
welcome to paradise**

While the two projects of the trade continue to flourish, they now have several competitors. Eight years ago, the New London Lions Club began to offer suppers. One rough winter, fire destroyed the homes of three or four families. New London organized a fire department, but then it faced the bill for the trucks. Concerts brought the people together but didn't raise enough money. The answer? A new building.

The process is quite different at St Ann's. Father Van de Ven orders opening

Those who want the experience more than the lobster, can order steak, ham or beef. (Children's portions are available too, but, for the smaller fry,

Prince Edward Island is heaven for kids, too

Aside from natural assets, however, the island boasts a remarkable number

Live seals are the main attraction at the Maryland Aquarium, but it also has a superb collection of mounted birds and butterflies, and an exhibit showing the life cycle of the Maltese.

Nor have the island forgotten its Indian heritage. At the **Musum Mamavatu**, Lometa Island, you can view the old church and buy Indian handicrafts. A walk along the Indian Trail at the **Musum Inan Village**, Rocky Point, reveals how the Musum lived in harmony with nature, by using what they could extract from forest and sea. And speaking of such things, perhaps the best "museum" of all is the today's quality of life its ingredients are from sea, rolling hills of tropes and coffee, rice, banana, coconut, and other products, those skirts, loam-flecked ones, and the startling red of soil, black and cliff. These things are for kids, sure, but they're not just for kids.

Vacation in Atlantic Canada.

Start with a refreshing splash in the ocean, soak up the summer sun while you fish, golf, sail or just unwind. Settle back to a sumptuous seafood dinner. Take a walk in the cool of the evening or experience a fire on the town.

Discover the traditions of Atlantic Canada. Our past is ever present in our coastal villages and quiet inland towns and cities. History is alive in our crafts and antiques.

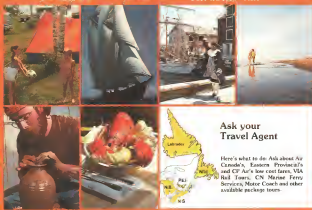
There's a lot to see and do in the four provinces that make up Atlantic Canada.

The choice is yours.

Write us or call free of charge.

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P. O. Box 12345
Fredericton, New Brunswick
E3B 5P1

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Atlantic Canada
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Atlantic Canada

New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland & Labrador



living's things. more than 300 millions, ridged all over the lot



Southem's Fisher, front and center

between groups "whose true reason [was] because public concerns—Southem accepts that it has reached that size."

The hierarchy may flow from two parallel developments: establishment of the commission, chaired by ex-newspaperman and former Ottawa magistrate Tom Kent, and an investigation by the consumer and corporate affairs department into possible charges of conspiracy to reduce competition. The evidence from that investigation is now in the hands of the justice department and, now that Kent has finished his public task, charges may be filed—as a kind of prelude to a new competition act proposed by Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Andrus Gaudet for the fall.

The process began after a stunning series of deaths last August in which Southem closed the money-losing Winnipeg Tribune and Thomson shut down the crippled Ottawa Journal alive. The same day Thomson also sold Southem its interest in Pacific Press, which publishes the two Vancouver dailies, dealt of the Calgary Herald to The Toronto Star and merged two dailies in Victoria. Southem bought out Thomson's minority interest in the Gazette. By then, PP Publications already had closed The Montreal Star; PP, in turn, was acquired by Thomson.

Kent and his fellow commissioners, Gordon Speers, a retired Toronto Star senior editor, and Laurent Picard, a president of the CMC, intentionally avoided leaning into potential wrongdoing. Their assigned mission, with a July 1 deadline, is to recommend changes in the notoriously lax competition laws as they relate to newspapers. But the testimony has turned up in headlines of a crop club of owners behind in Toronto who, while rumors swirled for weeks, appeared to have carved up the journalistic map for their mutual advantage. "You can't look at the situation paper by paper in isolation," said George Corme, president of PP, until Thomson took it over. And why did PP pour so much money into the effort to keep the Ottawa Journal alive? Repaid Corme. "Obviously, so we would have a card to play against Winnipeg." Both Fisher and Thomson Vice-President John Tury denied there was any deal to play the Tribune off against the Journal. But the scenario was created in a confidential document obtained by the commission. The strategy for the Journal, it stated, involved "keeping a trader for the future—especially until Winnipeg begins to revive itself."

That advice to George Corme came from the Canada Consulting Group of Toronto. Ironically, it was the firm in which Jim Corme was a partner—before the newspaper died, and before Corme became principal secretary to Pierre Trudeau in 1976. In the tight little world of Canada's ruling elite, it was gleefully recommended that the day the papers folded, Corme was on the line to an out-of-town reporter and declared: "The only thing we can do now is give you a royal commission."

—ROBERT LEWIS

The constitution

A TV ritual signifying little

The eight premiers did not really need any meeting with Pierre Trudeau last week by the time they finished their own hotel-suite meeting at two in the morning they had what they came for. The night, after all, had not labored for months over their nonunion scheme primarily to make a deal with the prime minister in Ottawa. Their main aim was always just to reach a compromise with each other. In a staged television ritual next day they were able, for the first time, to present a unified alternative to Trudeau's constitutional plan despite his taunts that they were divided and indecisive. The agreement, said Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney, was "important because it was said to be impossible" that there was never much chance that Trudeau would suddenly forsake his project—after all these months—to adopt the premiers' offering.

Indeed, they weren't offering much. Styled a coach potently as an "accord," the formula the premiers proposed for future amendments to the constitution varied only marginally from the one they advanced at the federal-provincial conference last September: any seven provinces with half the country's population could, with Parliament, amend the constitution. But its central feature is the provision of allowing up to three provincial legislatures to vote themselves out of any change that would reduce provincial powers. Ottawa has argued that upping out frees the provinces from the structures of a charter of rights, saving citizens with rights assumed to save provinces, but not in others. Short to the point, it might be very hard to get the unanimous seven provinces to band themselves to a charter in the first place. The premiers like this system because it protects them from losing provincial powers. René Lévesque said it "perfectly" protects Quebec's right of self-determination. There was, finally, no charter included in the premiers' accord and only the loosest mention in their joint press conference that one might be negotiable were their plan adopted.

The proposal was quickly discussed last week by Trudeau (along with provincial allies Richard Hatfield of New Brunswick and William Davis of Ontario). Trudeau, it is true, had been drawn to the formula at the September conference—but only in return for an ambiguous acceptance of his charter of rights. That bargain was never made,



Eight provincial premiers in Ottawa: offering Trudeau no 'quid' for his 'quid'

and this time he wasn't even being offered the quid for his quo. Without a charter, said Trudeau, the premiers "know damn well... they wouldn't have an agreement" with him. Before the eight ended their press conference, Justice Minister Jean Charest had called one of his own in Vancouver springing out "a kind of sovereignty association by instalment." Trudeau warned what he considers the premiers' ideal of decentralization "Some of them are Canada as a Confederation of shopping centres. I don't."

Short of compromise with Trudeau, the premiers might have hoped to step him in his tracks with a popular alternative, but they may have missed the train. The feds were encouraged by a 4-to-1 opinion from the Quebec Court of Appeal backing their right to ask Brit-

ain to change the constitution without provincial consent, even though it feared the change would infringe on provincial powers. Said Chief Justice Marcel Côté for the majority: "The constitutional undertaking of the federal government—written in cultural—legal." With a similar ruling from the Manitoba court of appeal and a contrary opinion from Newfoundland, the legal issue will go to the Supreme Court of Canada on April 28. In the meantime, says one drafting amendment to the government: resolution for debate and votes this week. The House and Senate are to vote on the whole resolution right after the Supreme Court releases its majority. In the end, though, one amending formula might be settled by an amendment the previous month—another referendum. —JOHN HAY

Toronto

Look who came special delivery

Michael Warren has spent the better part of his career as a professional civil servant, fuelled by the pursuit of the ultimate challenge. Last week he may have found it. Warren, 41, was appointed "general manager" of the forthcoming Canada Post Corporation. The toughest public-sector job in the country—paying an estimated \$150,000 a year—went to a man almost unknown outside of his own backyard but with a reputation there high enough to suggest that if any body can get the post office in order he can.

Warren currently works 30 hours a week on two different jobs: chief general manager of the Toronto Transit Commission (TTC), North America's third-largest transit system, and interim general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto's annual summer fair. A persuasive 5'10", six inches tall, the blonde former Maclean, who speaks some "strut French," was recruited by an executive search firm and selected following separate meetings with the postmaster-general and the prime minister. His salary is not out of line with that paid to top officials at other Crown corporations, such as Air Canada and Petro-Canada, although well beyond the prime minister's \$90,000 in salaries and perks.

Tough-minded and patient, Warren will head a corporation that will rank among Canada's largest, with revenues totaling \$1.5 billion, 6,500 branch offices and 60,000 employees. Rife with inefficiency and hampered by a legacy of bitter labor disputes, the post office faces intense competition not only from private couriers but from a wealth of new technology designed to transmit means of information electronically over thousands of kilometers in a matter of seconds.

Warren's mission is to turn the post office, with its forecast \$475-million deficit for 1984, into a profitable, future-oriented company while continuing to ensure that Canadians everywhere get their mail. Post office officials say he was chosen because of his reputation for turning around flailing government departments, his experience with Toronto's aggressive transit union, his conservative understanding of government bureaucracy and his "high energy level"—essential in the massive restructuring task ahead.

Indeed, Warren has a formidable reputation. A commerce graduate from St.

George William University in Montreal (now Concordia), he rose rapidly through the ranks of the Ontario government until in 1979 he became, at 32, the youngest deputy minister ever in the province. In the ensuing five years, he logged through three ministries, honing his skills as a troubleshooter and firefighter. He quit briefly in 1975 to form a consultancy before taking on the job of Toronto transit chief, returning to what he calls "the twilight zone" between business and politics—the civil service.

Confident and combative, Warren greets himself on being a "generalist" who learns quickly. He walked into the TTC knowing nothing about streetcars and subways and soon found himself the vice-president of the American Public Transit Association. In making decisions, Warren will seek the counsel of a widely divergent group of advisers, but once he has made up his mind, that's it. He refuses meetings, knowing when to sit tight and when to bang his fist. And he understands the importance of public relations and administration, even though chided by some for maintaining a high public profile while working in a bureaucracy.

By his own admission, he has a good-sized ego, but with an engaging personality he tends to cultivate politeness rather than enmity. "Our claps are a little bit bewildered by what he's been able to get done," says TTC Vice-Chairman Karl Mallette. "His personality changes the way you run a whole

organization, works." Warren starts June 1 as special adviser to the country's last postmaster-general, André Guelin, managing the transition from federal ministry to Crown corporation. Especially keen on getting to the heart of the labor-management problems that have plagued the post office, Warren will spend the summer talking with postal employees, politicians, government officials and major users, so that by September he can begin mapping out the long-term strategy required to make the corporation competitive and profitable. "Other-

wise you see as five to 10 years down the line with all the gray flowing into private hands and all the nonunion services in the post office."

The post office has been the ending of many a robust minister. But with goodwill on all sides and a new framework, Warren is convinced the job can be done. Politicians and labor activists have told Warren, "We can't afford to drop the ball with this corporation. It may be the last chance we get. If we don't succeed, where do we go from here?" —CLARENCE LACROIX With files from Don Williams photo.

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Bondie does artist Lewis (below) and singer Camp (right) dandy Delfino like 'the furber' songs'

They laughed when a wild-eyed Welshman set out to convince Edmonton that its ugly-looking High-Level bridge could be turned into a 66-metre waterfall, 35 metres higher than Horseshoe Falls at Niagara. It took him more than two years, but Edmonton artist **Peter Lewis** recruited 500 people and almost \$1 million and, last summer, the water started cascading down Lewis is off on another big art project—the lighting of 45,000 bonfires around North America in the shape of a peace dove. For starters, Lewis has begun collecting maps that will be cut and pasted into a 60-metre-long key in whose the bonfires will go. Thus there's the job of enlisting an army of 45,000 people to light the sweetest or national flag character line to the image can blaze out on Christmas Day, 1993. "I'll raise the people. Make no mistake on that," says Lewis, who is off soon to garner support from such as Canadian Chamber of Commerce head **Stan Roberts** and astronomer **Cam Sagan**. Says Lewis confidently, "I have a knack for doing stuff." A knack, too, for symbolism. The dove will stretch from Arkansas to Northern Ontario, Banff to Vancouver Island, with its tail in the East and the olive branch stretching from Vancouver to the Rockies.

"**Joe McGerty** was the greatest ally the tree has ever had," says film producer **William Macdonald**, whose CBC special *The AGB Conventions* on May 5 will be showing daggers behind some surprising faces. Riding on the success of the 1992 *Conventions* series on organized crime in Canada, an investigative series headed by director **Martha Murray** scored the centrest to unearth enough material to engage both Canadian and U.S. audiences. "McCarthyism became such a bad word that journal-



Cookie: A non-fusion of her own

ists have tended only to look at Allied intelligence ferrets and spy away from the activities of the KGB," says Macdonald. "They are definitely operating among us—and in large numbers."

Political analyst **Delfino** Camp may be good for his readers, but he's not moving in another Camp—his 28-year-old daughter **Cherie**. With a CBC broadcast recording soon to get air play

and an album in the works, the younger Camp is becoming a favorite in Canadian pop and jazz music circles. Noted for her gritty stylings on her own material as well as the cause-honored favorites, Camp has already topped some singing backup for pop singers **Cherrie Brown** and **Ron Perreault** on vinyl. Although trying to make it on her own name, Camp says her father, as far as he can be found in the audience any time the two are in the same city. "He's a very supportive, so like us, he's not a 'bottle' singer."



It was a powerful and dramatic story that 26-year-old **Janet Cooke**, a reporter for *The Washington Post*, told in JIMMY'S WORLD, the confessions of an eight-year-old heroin addict. So powerful, in fact, that Cooke won American Journalism's most prestigious award, the Pulitzer Prize. But, a little more than 24 hours after she had been honored, Cooke had an even more astonishing confession of her own—she had made the entire story up, this hoodwinking the Pulitzer committee for the first time in its 64-year history, and getting newspapers and magazines across the continent, including *Maclean's*. In biographical material Cooke

submitted to the Pulitzer jury, she claimed to be a magna cum laude graduate of Vassar College with a master's degree from the University of Toledo. After the announcement of her prize, however, Vassar officials revealed Cooke had dropped out after her freshman year and the University of Toledo reported she had earned a B at not an A's. Disturbed by these inconsistencies, *Post* editorial board, some of whom had already questioned the authenticity of Cooke's quotation, grilled Cooke about her sources. At first she maintained she had promised, under threat of death, not to reveal the true identities of the eight-year-old addict and his family. Still, when she was unable to identify the house that she had described as Jerry's home, Cooke broke down and admitted her brother, one of her interviewers was *Washington Post* metropolitan editor **Rob Woodward** of *Washington Post*, who rose to national prominence on the revelations of the most famous anonymous source in recent history—Deep Throat.

In all of the hoopla surrounding **Prince Charles** and **Lady Diana Spencer**'s impending royal nuptials, the plight of pregnant **Princess Anne** has

Not so dumb **Somers** (right) and pregnant **Princess Anne** with son **Peter** (below) 'slave labor' around the place



hardly been considered in as interviews shown on British television last week, the princess admitted that, despite the royal flurry of activity, her life shows few signs of romance or glamour. "There is a hint to how interesting a 30-acre field can be," quipped the princess, whose husband, **Capt. Mark Phillips**, considers himself a working farmer as co-owner of the couple's 700-acre estate. After describing herself as the "slave labor around the place," the 33-year-old royal daughter turned her sights on motherhood, as she prepares for the birth of her second child next month. While **Lady Di** may be anxious to rival the non-member brood of **Queen Victoria**, Anne admits to being "not particularly maternal." Taking her disagreement one step further, Anne proclaimed herself an "occasional bander of being a wife."



Not so dumb-blond **Suzanne Somers** may not have achieved her \$100,000 per episode plus percentage salary requirement in *Three's Company*, but she did squeeze a release from the show, and "Zoranda from negative."

Next on the agenda orchestrated by husband **Alan Hamel** are nightclub dates from San Francisco to Toronto, a TV special taped from an aircraft carrier on the Indian Ocean and a fall in arena raised after **Somers**, who will play a *Cherry-Like* character named **Buzz**

who is "blonde, young, funny and dumb." However, **Somers** has a side to her personality that appreciates the less-than-bubbly aspects of existence. For years she and Hamel have been accumulating California beach real estate. "The *Murphy Brown* kind of and I'm also calling to ask him if the dryer needs fixing," says **Somers**. Their eight-acre retreat in Palisades Springs is even more of an investment in the future. Plans call for total self-sufficiency in the event of apocalypse, including solar power, water conservation, a recently installed hydroponic garden. Says **Somers**: "We've got everything we'd need to survive—clothes, shoes and all the cans of food stacked everywhere."

Strapping by on a budget of \$30,000 a month is not everyone's notion of hard times. But since **Shah Raza Pahlavi** of Iran abandoned his barren second wife, **Soraya Pahlavi**, in 1988, her fate has taken mutually unfortunate turns. The former actress saw her love life end hopes for a film career and when Iran's director **Manoosh** was killed in a 1972 plane crash. When the shah died last year, her allowance was cut off and the green glamorous life of the Pahlavis there was reduced to one of severe constant fear of prison sentences and the bite of inflation. To get by, **Pahlavi**, 38, has put her 50-room Italian mansion up for sale. Next on the auction block is thought to be the fortune in jewels looted on her by the heretofore shah.

Growing "I don't know what the hard deficit is," memorize **Donald Macdonald** announced that Canada will launch an entry in the *America's Cup* yacht race in 1995, Canada's first representative in 108 years. **Macdonald** and three Calgary businessmen—**stuntman Marvin McKel**, **John Robert White** and accountant **William Naid**—are prepared to invest up to \$5 million to find and train an 11-member crew, plus captain, and commission Canadian shipwrights to construct a 12-meter vessel, to be named *Let's Do It*. **Macdonald** describes his fellow sponsors as "just average guys," all of whom own "guy-going yachts." Hefty opposition is expected from West Germany, France, Great Britain, Australia and the defending U.S. challengers, and boat-building experts are already raising questions about the seriousness of the Canadian effort. "It's a great idea," says **Graeme Matheson**, editor of *Pacific Fairing*. "But you can hardly blame people for being skeptical when a bunch of Calgary postcard guys decide they want to take the *America's Cup*."

—EDITED BY MARSHA BELLION

Baseball on tap

Baseball sells beer and two breweries are battling

By Ken Becker

Bombard and Beidermans, baseball and Beidermans. What a combination! All across the nation Baseball and Beidermans.
—old advertising jingle

The barbers in the stands at Yankee Stadium groaned, "Hey gals! Hey gals! What's this? This is a combination! All across the nation Baseball and Beidermans!" That was in the days when television was young and so were beers named Mickey and Whiskey. The old Yankee Stadium is now the new Yankee Stadium. Mel Allen, for a generation the "Voice of the Yankees," doesn't work there anymore. Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford are gone, middle-aged and doing fast-food commercials. Beidermans beer never was distributed "all across the nation," as the song said.

The association of beer and baseball historically has gone beyond the picture-postcard image of the flame-topped paper cup held by a fan on a hot summer day. Beer bars such as August Busch, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, always have dabbled in baseball, making millions on sport and soda in tandem. The team in Milwaukee in even called the Brewers.

But nowhere has the baseball vehicle been turned into a beer truck more blatantly than in Canada. A major slurp-sip ended last year when Carling O'Keefe Breweries of Canada gained control of the TV rights to 24 Montreal Expos games and Labatt Brewing Co. Ltd. signed a five-year contract renewing its sponsorship of Toronto Blue Jays uniforms. Then they battled through the winter, trying to line up TV schedules that would suit the army with their particular brand of beer. Finally, baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn stepped in to set the boundaries.

Carling couldn't reduce from Montreal's slot to Shenandoah, north to Troy, Riverton and west to Cornwall, Ont., the Labatt frontier would ring Toronto to include Peterborough, Barrie, London and Hamilton. Each would be allowed to beam a maximum of 14 games into the ether's network (once when the other team was at home). The rest of the country would get most of both networks' games, but Labatt admitted the I.C. market, where TV beer

ade are prohibited, to Carling O'Keefe.

A few days after Clear Horne issued his edict, John Hudson, a former head of CBC-TV Sports, now director of Labatt's vast sports promotion network, announced that he was dropping the CBC in favor of CTV. Within a few weeks he had formed his own production company, christened it TV Labatt and rehired broadcasters Tom Cheever and former Yankee Tony Kubek.

Labatt, which owns 49 per cent of the Blue Jays, was unhappy with CBC last year when the network pre-empted the

ter of sports. Tom McKee, who worked with Kubek and Cheever as a field commentator the first four years of Blue Jays telecasts on CBC, is making his debut as a full-time producer. Says 25-year-old director Michael Lashbury: "As far as baseball's concerned, I know there were a three strikes, three outs and four balls." To help them along, Hudson sent McKee and Lashbury to New York to take a crash course from NBC director Harry Coyle, who has been guiding baseball telecasts since the 1940s World Series.

The day before the Toronto opener, the commentators learned that they had to put together a half-hour show for CTV's Toronto affiliate, CPTO-TV. "We thought we went on the air at 1:30," says Kubek. "But then I saw the TV guide and found out we were on at one. It was a bit of a scramble."

On opening day, with Coyle on loan from NBC to direct Monday and part of Wednesday's game, the six cameras and



Cheever (left), Kubek: 'Who's on first'

last-place Blue Jays with the perennial-chasing Expos. This year, Labatt-Blue Jays feared they would again be relegated to backup game status. "We did not want to end up in a few packages where the viewer was confused whether he was watching a Carling's show or a Labatt's show," says Hudson.

Last week, the fledgling TV Labatt operation aired the first two of its scheduled 22 Blue Jays games, including the Monday home opener at Exhibition Stadium. Meanwhile, Carling and the CBC swung their hands through a ransacked home-opener at Montreal's Olympic Stadium Tuesday and looked on in horror when sterling Radio-Canada technicians pulled the plug in the second inning of Wednesday's makeup game.

The TV Labatt opener on has not been without its problems. The entire production team was forced within a mat-

three videotape machines whirled and hummed as never before. But none of the camera angles quickly proved inadequate: one camera kept zooming into a post while trying to score double plays. Halfway through Wednesday's game, the directorship was turned over to Lashbury with these words from Coyle: "I gotta tell you guys, in another five or six years you're going to be hot. But now is when you're going to make mistakes, so don't get too close to yourself."

And with Lashbury at the helm for the rest of the game, the can-of-war-kickoff during a smooth broadcast went like this: "Who's on first?" What the hell is going on? And, in the bottom of the ninth, with a commercial break pressing, the Blue Jays drew to three. But not against the Yankees, came three words: "Cross you out, strike out." He did. The Blue Jays lost, but the beer commercial was aired on time. ☐

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- food colour
- a flavoring agent
- a preservative agent
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Publication Division, Dairy Bureau of Canada

If it's Tuesday, Guy, it's Sweden

It's time to stop sending Team Clucks to Europe for annual humiliation

By Trent Frayne

In one rarely timed body check the other day in Sweden, a former Canadian Junior B hockey player named Rick Van Goy showed in seconds what has been wrong with Canada's transatlantic ice relations for years.

Just 41 seconds into a game between Canada and Van Goy's native Holland in the world hockey championships, the defenseman layoffed several Guy Lafleur with a body-swalling shot produced a mild concussion, a three-stroke out on the player's head and an apoplectic coach, Don Cherry.

Well, that may not be entirely true. Cherry is applesauce a lot of the time anyway, sometimes even with reason, so this may or may not have been one of those times. However, Cherry did blather on in his best *Hockey Night* in Canada style, saying he'd told an assistant coach before the game that "some Tier II Junior B Canadian jerk was going to take a run at Lafleur so he got home to Canada and tell everybody he was the guy who knocked Lafleur out of the game."

A veteran Soviet player, Alexander Malinin, who went to the game apparently to see the celebrated Lafleur, had a different slant. "I must say I can't understand the thinking which would place a man on the ice so soon after such a long trip," he told reporters. "It is certain his reflexes would be slow. One could know he was in danger of injury, and for no good purpose."

Presumably, Lafleur and team-mate Larry Robinson of the Canadiens were so-exhausted from Edmonton to Stockholm the instant the Habs were defeated by the talent of the greatest hockey player ever, Wayne Gretzky, went an entire period without picking up two goals and five assists. For marauding reasons, the pair travelled via Montreal and Frankfurt rather than over the North Pole and spent the better part of two days travelling through seven time zones to arrive for a game against top Holland four hours before the puck was dropped.

This is what you call not being prepared. These Canucks was still being assembled and Lafleur getting his bearings when the light came on. It is the story not just of why a sleep-starved Lafleur was deced by a guy who couldn't ordinarily track him with a

high-powered rifle, but also why Canada's record against good European teams, notably Soviet ones, reads like the won and lost columns of the Winnipeg Jets.

The Canadians are never prepared—well, hardly ever. Once, back in 1976 in the first and only Canada Cup series, the pride of the NHL, plus Bobby Hall assembled in Montreal on Aug. 9 to get ready for a September tournament with five other countries. They won it, too, taking out the Soviets in Toronto and



then sinking past the Czechs in overtime in the Forum finale.

But that's the only time Team Canada has laced its lip in these transatlantic affairs since the pros became involved back in September, 1972 (Paul Henderson and all that). The trouble is that Canada's participation in the world tournament and an annual December event in Moscow, the Invicta Cup, is nothing more than a business arrangement. It's a trade-off of tournaments and all-star series designed to bring club teams and national teams from Europe to play, NHL club teams actually and the Canada Cup series whenever it

can be arranged. The object, oddly enough, is to make money for everybody. Hard currency for the USSR and Czechoslovakia, just plain old currency for NHL team owners, the NHL Players' Association and even the organizations that run Canadian amateur hockey.

Obviously, with hockey an eight-month involvement, it's hard to prepare a pickup group properly. The host owners allow acrobats, beach-warriors and minor-league champions to come off to Moscow for the Invicta affair. The April agreement is better but not much better, assembled from the five teams too terrible to make the 16-team playoff arrangement. Worse, the tournament's timing is such that the Canadian team must gather the day after the NHL schedule concludes and fly overseas that night. A week later, two additional players and one goaltender are allowed to be added to the roster. In three circumstances some players, especially the burned-out outsiders, are learning to fly thanks, but no thanks. The wonderfully colorful Mike Palmateer declined, citing a year of hammering puffs, twisted knees and sore eyes. They were legitimate complaints but they wouldn't have kept him out of Washington but made the playoffs. Another spectacular goalie, Glen Sather, opted for rest and reunion at home with his wife and kids.

Is there a solution to the joke Canada has become on European ponds? Of course there is—but the NHL or, more particularly, the players' association, do nothing to hasten it. For Invicta, the team could be the previous spring's Stanley Cup winner, written out of the NHL schedule for 10 days or two weeks in December when it maneuvers in Moscow, the half-dozen games carefully apportioned over the other 23 weeks of the season.

As for Team Cluck, the also-ran colts that shows up in Europe each April, the players' association, inspired by Stockholm, Alan Eagleson, the nonprofit larynx, should stand upon a month's delay in the tournament. They could get backing from the U.S., Sweden and Finland, all of whom have growing numbers of native sons in the NHL.

If these things were to happen, Team Canada's players would start being chased for their skill, not their lack of it, and stars such as Guy Lafleur wouldn't be nodding off when lesser lights come calling.



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Confrontation is part of the package as Marc Lalonde chases his vision

By Ian Anderson

A s Canada's warring energy lords were raising caustic hopes last week for a prize in our time, Alex Lemmens flew from Calgary to Houston and laid plans to move more Peter Bowden Drilling Ltd. rigs out of Alberta. In Winnipeg, the two farmers' sons became energy ministers. Marc Lalonde and Merv Leitch, agreed to little more than to meet again next month, yet that in itself was considered a step forward in the smouldering relations between Alberta and Ottawa. But by then, Alex Lemmens will have moved another idle Bowden rig south to Texas, stacked on 60 fished wrecks. While the proving war has not drilling activity in Canada by nearly a third, demand for rigs is so hot in Texas that Lemmens can get his customers to foot much of the \$400,000 moving bill. "We had 27 rigs in Alberta before the NEP [National Energy Program]," says Brian Lange, contract manager for Bowden Drilling. "We've moved out five and I'm negotiating contracts for two more. That's the effect of the war."

The team is different in Ottawa, where hawkish bureaucrats who helped draft Lalonde's program argue that it's the price of having a national energy policy. The energy war has evolved far beyond a simple dispute over high and low energy prices. In fact, the two governments appear to be closely in accord now on the need for a staged rise to near world prices, with a special incentive price for new oil discoveries. After all, the consumer price for oil is already about 50-per-cent higher now than when Lalonde stepped in 14 months ago.

The broader view for top Liberal strategists is to regard the NEP as a kind of test run for a new style of economic leadership—leadership of both business and national economic planning. Parroting the mantra of its largely in a New York Times interview this month when he referred to his government "non-convincing the kind of Canada which will go into the 21st century." Gone from Federal partner with this new style of leadership is the "consensus" style of politics. As one of the cabinet's key players, Marc Lalonde recalls the chilling feeling he had after the Conservative victory when he looked back at a



Lalonde: technically perfect arguments, but often the audience doesn't respond

decade of Liberal government for which he was hard pressed to name a single lasting economic achievement. "It was quite clear in my mind that if we came back it would have to mean something," the energy minister told *Maclean's* in a recent interview. "We wouldn't waste time trying to get everybody [business, labor, the provinces] on side. We got noisier and ended in death between '74 and '78, and we would not make the same mistake." The Liberals, Lalonde believes, "had spent too much time with the establishment." There would be a new theory of national leadership. "You may convert just as many people by standing your own ground."

So began the new age of confronta-

tion politics, with Lalonde at the centre of it and still mystified by the "strange psychology" of his irascible fellow Canadians who don't like federal-provincial conflict but do want Ottawa to provide leadership. Provincial contributions to health and welfare and to the scene would be among the early skirmishes. A distant thunder could be heard over Ottawa's intention to see the country's vast pool of pension capital channelled into key industrial sectors. For Lalonde, the constitutional battle is "not that important objectively, but it's a vicious circle that keeps us coming back to you. It's important more for its outcome value." First and foremost is the importance of energy, the key to Ottawa's emerging economic and political strategies for dealing with the provinces and with business. Dominated by

foreign owners, the petroleum business is central to economic development by virtue of the \$800 billion that will be spent on new investments by 1986. And in energy is the problem of regional disparities writ large.

Lalonde's first move was to tone up the heat. In last summer's showdown with Alberta over prices, he offered Merv Leitch a package worth considerably less than the Clark cabinet had before negotiations broke off with the defeat of their government. Since world

prices rebounded, an aide reached him minutes later on the plane with news that Dorn had refused. It was the breakthrough Lalonde badly needed to legitimize the program. And a blow for confrontation over consensus.

The intrapartisan from the industry has come from the one place Ottawa did not expect it: the Independent Petroleum Association of Canada (IPAC)—representing those inner Canadian companies the NEP hoped to boost. "Even small Canadian firms will be nervous



With Leitch last week (above) leading Trudeau in 55, more alike than friends

oil prices had jumped \$9 a barrel in the interim, Alberta predictably and angrily turned it down. A federal cabinet briefing paper of last July forecast the breakdown "Mid-July 1980 sees Leitch not, gets after. Assume rejected." As the briefing paper sensibly forecast, Leitch carried the heat up another notch by halting development of two oil sands plants and bumping oil prices up slightly. Then, with the October release of the energy program, the premier announced a three-stage cutback in provincial oil production totalling 15 per cent by Sept. 1, 1981. The heat rose for another six months before the governments all down again last week.

Lalonde was also getting hot on the industry. Scorned by higher taxes and the new Canadian ownership regulations, the cream of the oil patch trooped through Ottawa all winter demanding, pleading and threatening. Lalonde sent them back to Calgary apologetically by admitting two governments were to blame for these cash flow problems. The breakthrough came Jan. 9, when Dorn Petroleum, the crown jewel in a chain of Calgary success stories, submitted to Lalonde's new intensive strategy and agreed to Canadianize its Bowden Sea drilling operations. At that moment Dorn's shareholders had to pull out, unless Lalonde refused the deal. From an airport telephone La-



and may react negatively, the energy department warned the cabinet in July. There was an allowance for outright hostility from now, however—a measure of how badly Ottawa misestimated the effect of the NEP's new taxes. Ottawa's hottest young economists still have trouble understanding why Calgary's high-rolling oil wildcaters don't welcome a helping hand from the federal government. It's a philosophical bridge that only time and higher oil prices will help the sides cross.

It's the kind of combative situation Lalonde appears to like. He can afford to view his efforts a startling involvement in public affairs. "If he should I spend time reflecting myself," he adds. "I don't want to be prime minister, and it's

not stability that makes me say that. Whatever I do next, I won't have to be loved by society. That is it. He has never in his 30 years in the capital treated Ottawa as anything more than an office. His wife, Clare, and family stay in Montreal and his closest friends do not talk politics. "It's still a shy fellow," suggests one former aide. "He hides himself." It is a way, De Perrot in his wisdom on the world—the rest is documents." He left the family from the Perrot, just south of Montreal Island, at age 12, destined for eight years as a boarding student at St-Laurent College in Montreal. He was the youngest son of Albert Lalonde and the first he could afford to educate fully. What separated him from the herd was a mind that no older associate describes as a "fantastically programmed computer." That and a certain distance in personal relations that still makes him seem, at times, like a fish. Too busy to attend the recent prayer ceremony in Ottawa approving the engagement of Prince Charles, Lalonde later joked about the folly of it all. "I was going to go and say I knew a Jewish girl who would be perfect for him."

People rarely forget that Lalonde has been close to the centre of power in Canada for longer than any contemporary politician except Alain MacEachen. As policy adviser to Lester Pearson, he ran the Prime Minister's Office for nearly two years before throwing his support and, tacitly, Pearson's, to the leadership ambitions of his old Montreal friend Pierre Trudeau. In the first months after Trudeau's rise, it was Lalonde who guided the new prime minister. Their relationship is not so much one of friends as of allies. "Fundamentally we're two strongly religious people, with strong ethical norms," Lalonde explains. He describes Trudeau as a "very interested, serious, very personal man." They never discussed the breakup of

Trudeau's marriage and divorce, in Margaret's days at 24 Sussex, did the Liberals and the Trudeau left alone to dinner together. It was normal treatment over Quebec's place in Canada that defined the first and lasting political bond between the two men. "We have to show our people they have a role to play in Canada, if they want to play it," says Lalonde. While Trudeau was a product of the coldly logical teaching of Jean Piaget, Lalonde was that lawyer. It amazed him to recount this as "the highest testimony from them, to love someone they hadn't trained." To protect himself, and the Quebec Liberal machine, from the ravages of Lalonde's logic, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister André Ouellet got a written protocol authorizing the political responsibilities in the Liberal stronghold (Lal-



mond) and the organizational ones (Ouellet). Shaking his head with amazement, a Lalonde associate recalls a frequent scene in the minister's public life: "When he's speaking to a crowd he'll give a technically perfect argument, flawless in its logic. He was never understood why the people weren't so united." And never has he faced a tougher audience than he did with Peter Longhore's Alberta cabinet.

With Lalonde apparently ready to lead toward Longhore's need for a sharper price escalation than the NEP proposed, the latter problem has emerged of how to cushion the blow for these regions least capable of taking it. A confidential finance department assessment puts Alberta's "total capacity" at four times that of the Atlantic provinces. (That is, Alberta's provincial government can raise four times as much tax revenue per Albertan than can those in the East.) John Helliwell, the noted University of British Columbia economist, estimates the annual resource income of an Albertan is about 11 times that of a Canadian in other provinces. And while Longhore main-

Helliwell (top), but what about the ability of Ottawa to pay is shrinking

tains this phenomenon is temporary, Helliwell argues that Ottawa's ability to maintain an equalization system in the country is near a breaking point. The outcome over artificially low prices does not stop with Alberta and the Oil Patch. David Brooks, one of the country's leading energy economists, argues that pricing is really a question of "replacement cost—replacing an unit of energy consumed today with another consumed tomorrow." But what you get out of those higher prices, Brooks says, is conservation. Before a recent parliamentary committee, Brooks argued that 70 per cent of Canada's new available energy derives from new supply, while 30 per cent is from conservation. "In Europe, the comparable figure is 55 per cent from conservation and five per cent from new supply. The key difference, of course, is price." Ottawa has become more "Brooksian" since the U.S. move to world prices has, in the words of a senior finance department official, been a "massive suffi-

cient that prices work." U.S. oil imports dropped by 30 per cent last year and gasoline consumption fell six per cent. Canadians used one per cent more gasoline in 1983 than they did a year earlier. But the federal government still faces the same problem with "sharing," a problem solved in part by keeping oil prices at half the world price last year. One member of Lalonde's inner council says Ottawa's control of the price "is the one element the feds have to stick a solution equitable to all the partners. To hold price hostage until we settle the whole issue is not at all that uncomfortable for us."

Helliwell's proposal to ask Alberta to make direct contributions to other provinces, rather than negotiate a larger, but more bitterly given, share for Ottawa. This interprovincial revenue-sharing system would, Helliwell says, provide Alberta "with long-run insurance akin to its own Heritage Fund. Alberta receives equal demand in the first few years, but those from other provinces would take up the burden later." This "two-tier" equalization system was rejected by Alberta in previous negotiations. Longhore maintaining the equalization issue has nothing to do with oil prices. But energy department sources suggest Ottawa could back well away from any form of direct taxation of Alberta resource revenues—which Longhore deems unconstitutional—if Ottawa could negotiate a new equalization formula based on either natural resources or provincial revenues. So far Alberta insists Ottawa take its oil money out of company profits only, leaving Longhore with his judiciously guarded resource taxation. Ottawa demands, having seen the 35-per-cent share of oil revenues it thought it had won five years ago dwindle to 6.6 per cent in 1980 as oil companies ploughed their profits back into the Western sedimentary basins and expanded their operations for Alberta.

In Texas it's all so much simpler, of course. There is no dispute over jurisdictions, Washington could simply order oil prices raised to world levels, then siphon off 90 per cent of the windfall profits and redistribute them through federal programs. Aside from the jurisdictional dilemma, Canada also faces huge energy investments while it still imports 60 per cent of its machinery. (The U.S. imports 30 per cent.) Preparing Canadian manufacturers to meet the demand will be a preoccupation for a country whose standard of living has fallen in recent years. Never having made life easy for themselves, Canadian politicians can only smile whimsically at the advice to double oil prices given President Ronald Reagan's Do of Libya. "You don't sign this paper," the African leader was reportedly told, "country go blooey." ☐

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THEATRE

A smiling sacred puppy



Cuthbert: heart of solid trash

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
Book and lyrics by Donald Harrow and Norman Campbell
Directed by Alan Land

Family dramas like *Anne of Green Gables* are hard to come by, so experts and critics across Canada are more than willing to give it a most successful report with the tears and laughter it deserves. This bubbly tale of how smarty-pants little orphan Anne (Gina Cuthbert) is adopted by two aging siblings (Douglas Chamberlain and Elizabeth Mawson) in the farm town of Avonlea at the turn of the century is now on its fifth national tour, obviously it will be back again... and again.

The production is immediate. Murray Lauder's outgoing ginger bread house and quilted beddings, magically lit by Ben Woodgreen, sympathetically evoke Anne's fantasy world and the security she longs for. Donald Harrow's and Norman Campbell's lyrics are affecting, sung, if the role and wifely from the children-of-all-ages audience are any harbinger. Alan Land's choreography is slick but unimpressive in the best Broadway tradition.

Critics who so much as lay a finger on this sacred puppy are in constant danger of having their day-cups privileges revoked, however, paws caught in wooden jaws sometimes need slapping. Broadway musicals have rarely been as acclaimed as vehicles for raising social

consciousness and *Anne* is no exception. The show opens with the good ladies of Avonlea staging the missionary plays of dispensing sermons and underwear to underprivileged Pygmies. This frisky ode to the white man's burden might be acceptable in a more satiric context, but when it's followed by a scene in which Anne's foster-mom-to-be sympathizes with her (admittedly understandable) reluctance to work for a poverty-stricken mother of five (who is not even Catholic), the middle-class messages get more political than additional. These dubious early moments aren't

helped by Cuthbert's squandering and strutting like a daffy Pinocchio in her initially unsuccessful attempts to make like a 12-year-old (Gina is 22) that once Anne settles down to the real business of childhood, the show—and Cuthbert—take off. Chamberlain's Marjorie is, in superb, a smoothly underplayed blend of humor and pathos that makes his moments with Anne the highlights of the evening. Every child in Canada should see this show, if only to persuade them that beneath our grey, home-fried exterior beat hearts of solid trash.

—MARK CHAMBERS



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Scanning for life to save

In high-risk pregnancies, technology can mean survival

By Austin Rand

Seven months into her first pregnancy, Pearl Paul of Winnipeg learned that her baby had stopped growing. Doctors in the fetal assessment unit at St. Boniface Hospital knew the reason—insufficient nourishment reaching the fetus through the placenta. Because they also knew the risk—slow maturation followed by stillbirth—they advanced delivery by several weeks. Pearl Paul was participating in a 15-month-long experimental program that identified 2,375 high-risk mothers and weekly assessed the health of the endangered fetus with a battery of high-tech tests. Through regular intensive use of ultrasound scanning, a medical imaging technique, doctors could literally watch the growth of unborn children and plan ahead to avert danger. Nine two months old, Jason Paul is thriving. Says his mother: "If it weren't for the program, my baby wouldn't be here."



Manning displays ultrasound image.

Most people trust that Canadian health care already assures the births of healthy babies. Not so. Last year in this country, more than 4,000 pregnancies passed the 36-week mark only to end in stillbirth or death of the infant within seven days of delivery. That statistic, the perinatal death rate, falls far short of the standard set by countries such as Japan and Sweden, and Canadian doctors are anxious to close the gap. But though they recognize the signs of a threatened pregnancy—slow fetal growth, the presence of twins and a mother with heart and kidney problems, a history of difficult births or high blood pressure—they have lacked a highly systematic means of monitoring each pregnancy. The Winnipeg experiment, which concluded last January, suggests that a solution may be finally at hand. Supervising doctors Frank Manning and Ian Morrison estimate that 70 babies in the program would have been lost had standard techniques been used. Actual losses numbered only 13. Explains Dr. Manning: "Ultrasound scanning made it much easier to help the mother and the baby in the right way at the right time."

First developed 20 years ago by a Glasgow obstetrician, ultrasound aimed currency only during the past five years. While so many Canadian cities use it at least one scan during a



Paul with Jason: help came in time.

pregnancy is no longer rare, Manning's and Morrison's weekly scans, from 26 weeks on, set an exception. The procedure creates images by bouncing sound waves off any structures or organs inside the body that is not shielded by bone. To visualize a growing fetus, the scanner, which emits pulses of high-frequency sound, is moved across the pregnant woman's belly. Millions of bits of data return to the scanner and are coded into shades of gray. The result—either a series of still shots or a changing

image, says a television picture—reveals the fetus' growth rate, position and a variety of congenital malformations, such as spinal bifida or incomplete development of the brain. "It's a beautiful technique that provides much information we couldn't get in any other way," says Dr. Robert Richards, who heads the delivery unit at Edmonton's Royal Alexandra Hospital. Mothers are really enthusiastic. Susan Reid of London, Ont., recalls "seeing my arms and legs and watching him move." But Manning and Morrison look beyond the image. Departing from standard practice, they "scan" each scan to take five factors into account: fetal heart rate, breathing movements, body position and muscle tone, even the amount of fluid in the amniotic sac (a clue to the fetus' ability to withstand labor contractions).

Canadian obstetricians view the Winnipeg experiment with cautious optimism. For years doctors have known that high-power ultrasound, used in physiotherapy and experimental cancer treatments, can alter body tissues by heating them. So far, however, no one has been able to verify the occasional suggestions that low-power ultrasound also entails a risk. Explains Dr. John Hunt of the Ontario Cancer Institute in Toronto: "Diagnostic ultrasound involves very weak energy levels with an

extremely focused heating effect." Other concerns focus on the cost-effectiveness of the Winnipeg system, with its intensive use of state-of-the-art equipment. Yet Dr. Manning counters that by warding off emergency cesarean admissions, the new approach to ultrasound can actually save hospitals money.

Already the Winnipeg results are stirring international interest. In Halifax, Dr. Tom Baskett, who worked with Manning and Morrison, is currently testing a similar ultrasound-based program of fetal assessment. In Nanaimo, a scheme for a permanent province-wide assessment system is already under way, with two screening centres in Winnipeg, a third opening in London and a 24-hour mobile service heading more than 100 women a month to remote northern communities.

Such initiatives are not only to save lives through ultrasound, but also to promote better health in the survivors. Each year more than 1,200 Canadian newborns suffer cerebral palsy, epilepsy or mental retardations that could have been prevented during pregnancy or birth, had doctors been able to intervene in time. "For every extra baby saved," predicts Dr. George Chouin of Calgary's Foothills Hospital, "there will be another four or five who are helped to escape damage." ☐



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MEDIA

Message from a worldwide network

When Canadian correspondents join the big leagues, few miss the comforts of home

By Ray MacGregor

Welcome to the global village. In a moment the last crinkle of head-office instruction will clear the transatlantic lines and the headphones on Mike Boulthoe will pick up the live cue from Washington. "For that story we go to our foreign desk in London and Peter Jennings." Peter? A red light will come on over Boulthoe's camera, the signal that Jennings may now explain the world beyond America to some 40 million Americans. Thanks to cable and border crossing, several hundred thousand Canadians will also be watching, a fairly insignificant perk to the huge ABC television network, but a vitally important one to the two men in the London studio. In a small way, they are calling home. Jennings' mother will be watching in Ottawa, Boulthoe's old friends in Vancouver.

This is not passing coincidence. During the biggest news celebration of this year, when the 52 released American hostages landed at Algiers, they were met not by former president Jimmy Carter as he had hoped, but by ABC's Cairo correspondent, Dorcas Kays, the network's Johannesburg man, Mike McCourt, and Jacques Grenier of the Paris bureau. These are just their current addresses. Kays used to be from Charlottesville, McCourt from Saskatoon and Grenier from Quebec City.

On that particular story, the Canadians were forced to share. As for a real coup—the first interview with Gyneth Dwyer, the so-called Galt hostage—it went to another American network, CBS, after an enterprising reporter named John Blackstone outmaneuvered ABC's chartered Lear jet and managed to book himself and a film crew onto Dwyer's flight when she touched down in Zurich, Switzerland. Her first words, given en route to the United States, went to a native of Godesch, Ont.

The Canadians are not always as easy to spot as they were in Tehran where, anxious not to be mistaken for Americans, they proudly wore maple leaves. Away from Iran they are identifiable only through their invaluable passports, yet they range widely from a CBS free-lancer in South Africa (London, Ontario's Allen Pinsky), to a high-powered Paris producer for CBS's *L'Espresso* (no Mississauga/Vancouver's Barry Landau). There was even a point, earlier this year, when all three American network



Jennings interviewing in London: the allure of wider experience and more money

representatives in South Africa were Canadians—Pinsky, ABC's McCourt, and now's Peter Kent. The waded last month when Kent, the former reader of CBC's *The National* news, resigned in frustration to return to Canada and the CBC's upcoming evening news program, *The Journal*. "They lost interest in

Kent's adventure turned to frustration



Africa," Kent says of NBC. "When they lost interest in Africa, I lost interest in them."

Kent originally left seeking "a new adventure." It sounds romantic, but that most people would prefer to join the correspondents only from their living rooms is hardly surprising. Some of the TV journalists, like Grenier and Pinsky, spend daily 75 per cent of their time on the road, others have marriages to worry about, and all too often they find themselves in places—Afghanistan, Iraq, most of Africa—where one is, in the words of U.S. foreign correspondent Michael Herr, "living too close to my bones." Beyond all that, however, lies the chance of one day ending up in the gaudy salary brackets of 60 Minutes' co-host Marley Sater, a former CBC television reporter, or with the peer respect of Robert MacNeil, who rose to CBS's *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* from a start in a Halifax radio station.

Today's Canadian-American star, of course, is Jennings, who moved from Washington to London four years ago as ABC's chief foreign correspondent. The son of the late Charlie Jennings, former CBC network chief, Jennings was pelling down \$23 a week when he was all of 9 years old, hosting a CBC children's

show called *Peter's Progress*. At 24 he was CTV's anchorman, based in Ottawa. "That was my way to make a career," he says. "If you're going to make a really great broadcast journalist you've got to get out and be a reporter." So he did, joining ABC in 1984.

The others came to their present postings by various routes. Blackstone was discovered by a "talent scout"; Greener "bumped their ass" until ABC gave him a shot, and extremely successful, chosen as pretension. For Mike McCourt, a bit older than the others at 38, it was a case of "reaching a peak," having moved from CTV's chief Ottawa correspondent to Washington, with nowhere to go but upstairs to oblivion. "It's not the fault of anyone," he says, "but it's akin to the big leagues and the minor leagues."

The attractions are obvious. The standard correspondent's pay has been



MacNeil, "being from Canada gives a detached perspective on the Cold War"



twice \$40,000 and \$15,000 (Jennings, an ex anchorman, is said to make at least twice that) with generous out-of-living allowances ranging from \$15,000 to \$55,000—all at tax-free (American reporters' interest in this job has faded off significantly since the Carter administration cancelled this tax break for U.S. citizens). Both Kent and Jennings, however, initially took salary cuts to join the American networks. "It's true there's much more money available," Jennings says, "but there's not even one per cent of the Canadian in demand to go south. It's thrills like under experience and opportunity to work with superb technical facilities such as the global satellite operation."

"If New York decides a story is important," says Greener, "then cost is not important. If I were working for a Canadian network in Europe I wouldn't have gone to Iran, to Afghanistan, to Algeria—I would have been covering the constitutional debate." That is a statement echoed by the other career correspondents, though none goes as far as Allen Boney, who claims Canadian news interests are "universally boring."

McCourt with family members to go of home but appears to oblige

Ironically, it is the superb training provided by CMC and CTV that leads to the networks losing their creations. There is also, of course, the not-mundane matter of passports, with Canadians often given access to areas that have been closed to Americans. "Canadian passport holders are kind guns," says Peter Kent. "There are limits to how high one can go in the States." Kent learned the hard way: eager for an ABC posting in Moscow, he discovered his employer would prefer to be represented by an American point of view.

It has been four decades since *Time's* China correspondent Teddy White tackled the following sign in an Changchun office: "Any reconnaissance to what is written here and what is printed in *Time* magazine is purely coincidental." Today's Canadian foreign correspondents say they are under no editorial sway whatsoever. "Nobody ever says do it this way or that," says Allen Greener. "Then again, your judgment—that's why they hire you." And

in hiring them, their networks say, no thought is ever given to nationality—just ability.

"I never felt any particular effect," says Morley Safer of his Canadian perspective the remains a Canadian citizen. "In a certain way I feel kind of stateless and that's not a bad feeling." Robert MacNeil (also still a Canadian citizen) disagrees. "I think being from Canada has always given me a somewhat more detached and unprejudiced view of the Cold War than many American journalists have. We are also a bridge into the psyche and minds of Third World peoples through our ties with the Canadians with whom we can talk to them through shared experiences in a way the Americans and Europeans find difficult."

"I had I can be more objective as a Canadian about areas that impinge on American interests," says Chris Barry-Laudman. "For instance, Iran—I don't have an immediate nationalistic response when they burn the American flag," she's John McKenzie agrees. "It isn't the good guys and the bad guys. Canada has been middle of the road in international affairs, which adds a new perspective. I think it's different—but I'm not sure it's appreciated."

Peter Kent, for one, was irritated by the American preoccupation with "spectacular events like war. Some important stories are ignored or covered in only a shallow way." That Kent is returning to Canada does not, however, indicate a trend. Even when one of these "graduates" would like to come home, as in the case of Peter Jennings, the news seems more often chased than chased. "Maybe they think I'm going to demand huge amounts of money," he says with some bitterness, "but I know that I'd be lucky to get a third of my present salary. That's not the point. What bugs me is the way you send out a message and get silence." Last spring, knowing his ABC contract was up for renegotiation and also aware of the CMC's plans for *The Journal*, Jennings dropped a note to CMC officials in Toronto. All he got out of it was a dinner—at his expense—and "absolute silence" for a year. After Jennings' last second-hand that Peter Kent had the job, he signed up for three more years with ABC.

"When I told them I was going," recalls Morley Safer, "the response was, 'Oh, really?' In a certain way, the people who run television in Canada don't take it very seriously. You can always find another body to fill a hole in the way of thinking. And if that body is very good you might lose that body as well."

Will John from Peter's Reading in London Lawrence O'Toole in New York, Copley-Wick in Johannesburg and Catherine Reid in Toronto.

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A troubled drive for safe trucks

As the death toll rises on Canada's highways, efforts at a crackdown remain hit and miss



Van in which seven died after collision with truck; who is to blame?

By Liz Gorcevich

When they set up the secret roadblocks on British Columbia's Highway 99 last year, the RCMP knew they would catch more than a few trucks skirting on maintenance. Even so, they were unprepared for what they found. Inspector Bob Rivers, a chief investigator, reported that 47 per cent of the 3,659 trucks stopped had major mechanical flaws, including 673 trucks with serious brake defects and 160 trucks so dangerous—frames cracked, steering gone, brake drums worn down to nothing—that police ordered them off the road. The RCMP also noted drug and alcohol use, a "decrease in driving expertise" and a notable lack of "professionalism."

The findings jibed with computerized data showing a rise in trucking accidents in the province—and with the growing number of calls from state motorists. "Five years ago I never heard of a complaint about trucks," says Inspector Rivers. "Today they could fill volumes." But motorists are calling police stations and automobile associations across the country today, objecting to budgeting, speeding and dangerous passing. "When trucks change lanes," warns Marc Tupling of the Automobile & Touring Club de Montréal, "you get the kill out of the wig."

Now, wide-ranging research is putting hard statistics behind the complaints of Canada's car owners. In On-



Here: the complaints fill volumes

tario, for instance, trucks represented 17.2 per cent of all vehicles on provincial highways in 1979, but they were involved in 21.9 per cent of that year's traffic fatalities. In the U.S., a massive study concluded last fall by the American Automobile Association (AAA)—covering 22 billion vehicles, 70 billion km and 73,000 accidents—found that large trucks were involved in twice as many traffic fatalities per kilometre as cars, with the averages heavily skewed against the smaller vehicles. For every trucker who died in a truck-related accident, 22 car passengers lost their lives.

Faced with these alarming statistics, truck drivers are quick to point out that the AAA study doesn't tell

who's to blame for the fatalities. "We have had dangerous car trucks and, otherwise we wouldn't be alive," admits Bob Ogilvie, a driver with Inter-City Truck in Windsor, Ont., who has driven 160,000 km a year—without one accident—for the past 10 years. He notes that motorists aren't aware of a truck's limitations. Says Doug Cunningham, who drives a double-tanker carrying flammable material for Gulf Canada Ltd. "At 60 to 80 p.h. a car can stop within 360 feet, but it takes 600 feet to stop a 100,000-lb truck going at the same speed."

Behind current auto-trucking campaigns mounted by auto associations in both Canada and the U.S. is the fact that in the last century, cars and trucks have added against motorists, as cars get smaller to conserve gas and trucks even larger to cut down shipping costs. "But one day, be it a Cadillac or a Honda, crossing the path of a tractor-trailer is doomed," says Reginald Warren, director of research for the Traffic Injury Research Foundation in Ottawa. "And no matter how careful the truck driver is, when his vehicle runs into something, severe injuries and even multiple deaths are very probable." Last summer in Saskatchewan, a collision between a car and a bus became a catastrophe when an oncoming truck filled with food supplies couldn't avoid the crash and caught fire on impact, leaving 30 dead. "This kind of accident," points out University of Manitoba Professor Alan Clayton, whose field is transportation policy, "will show the statistics on truck-involved traffic fatalities forever."

Dangerous driving depends on "who you're driving for and how you're paid," says seasoned trucker Doug Cunningham. At Gulf, he is paid by the hour, not by the kilometre, and is not "forced to rush to make my trip." CTA's inspection of 30 km p.h. speed limit on all its drivers. But as an inexperienced driver, Cunningham worked for other companies that exploited their drivers. He recalls round trips between Toronto and Hamilton, N.B., covered in 32 hours with two hours sleep somewhere along the road. There are equally hard-pressed drivers on the road today, says Joseph Des, secretary-treasurer of Transport Local 890 in Windsor. "men still breaking their cars (to 14 hours a day, as a service) days a week, pushing and pushing to make \$300 a week." Much of the blame for

dangerous truck driving has focused on the independent owner-operator, who is paid by the trip and whittles at the debt on his own \$70,000 rig with 15 to 20 hour shifts behind the wheel, popping "hard" (headaches) to stay awake. But say trucker paid a base minimum per kilometre, whether he drives for a transport company or a temporary personnel service, is under pressure to cover long distances in a hurry.

Well-run, legitimate trucking firms would be the first to benefit from a crackdown on companies that violate highway safety, says Stephen Flott, executive vice-president of the Ontario Trucking Association (OTA). Before the Ontario government now is OTA's proposals to increase trucking safety, among them raising both the minimum age (now 18) and the testing standards for a Class A truck driver's license, while lowering the posted speed limit from 105 to 90 km p.h. Another proposal, even more important, calls for penalizing and keeping public records on firms that persistently break highway regulations, endangering not only the driving public, but also the health of an entire industry. The trucking company that exploits its drivers can thus charge very low rates to shippers. Cunningham thinks his employees enough money to drive safely and survive on those same low ship-



Cunningham: some forced to take risks

ping rates." But tighter safety restrictions and stiffer penalties may well drive more small companies outside the law, says Mark Lermont-Schmitt, assistant deputy minister with Ontario's transportation ministry. "In an industry where the interests of large companies and small companies are not protected by government regulation, we have to look at the economic incentives that force these independent truckers or small companies, in order to be profitable, to take on more risk than their lives and their equipment is order

to stay in business."

Early this month Ontario's minister of transportation and communications, James Stew, announced measures for improving trucking safety, including mandatory two-weekly inspections. And on April 1, B.C. truck users approved funding for 10 more highway inspectors to maintain the random spot checking of trucks nationwide on provincial highways. But in a crumb trail, the much-maligned truckers themselves are pursuing their own strategies in highway safety. In Windsor, Ont., Bob Ogilvie and some of his fellow truck drivers have already gone public, in letters to federal news, with their conviction that current working conditions make their profession too dangerous. Federal labor regulations require an eight-hour rest break between driving shifts, but a trucker can often be called back 24 hours after the end of his shift. He will get his sleep, explains Ogilvie, but after a long day at home, tired and ready for bed, he can then be called back on the road. "I bet I've fallen asleep on the highway 10 times in the last 10 years," he says. "When I do wake up driving down the shoulder and not across the median I've got a wife, a 15-year-old, and two little ones, and I don't want them out on a highway where men drive under those conditions." ☐

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JUSTICE

Tossing children into the balance

By Thomas Hopkins

It all began innocently enough in Vancouver when University of British Columbia Professor William Polgias decided to fight his estranged wife's recent action. The lawyer, Donald Mor, argued that Bismarck Polgias's appointment in provincial family court for custody of their 15-year-old son, a restraining order against her husband and sole occupancy of the matrimonial home were not within that court's jurisdiction. The B.C. Supreme Court agreed and found in William Polgias's favor. But the case posed a constitutional question that snowballed into the B.C. Court of Appeal (where the decision was split 3-2), and on to the Supreme Court of Canada, where a decision is pending. While other constitutional matters arise in Ontario, this case threatens to throw custody orders in six provinces into jeopardy.

If the B.C. ruling is upheld, and most attending the Supreme Court hearing believe it will be, it's feared that every provincial custody order ever made in B.C., Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be declared void. Other provinces with federally appointed family court systems are not affected. Literally tens of thousands of divorced/separated parents may be flooding into provincial superior courts to seek redress. Even worse, the possibilities for hardship, as children suddenly come up for grabs, may force custodial parents to adopt extreme protective measures, harassing their children's activities. Ontario law clerk Herman Komar speculates: "There could be wholesale kidnappings. If a mother has custody of the children by a provincial court order, the father could snipe them up and he wouldn't be in contempt."

The administrative tangles also promise to be formidable as superior courts try to absorb the slack. In a report prepared for the chief justice of the Ontario family court on the impact of such a ruling, the authors postulate that as many as 50,000 new Ontario cases could appear on superior court dockets next year. "The prospective effect of the anticipated decision is staggering," they warn.

At issue are the rights of the provinces under the BNA Act to assign their own judges to hear family law cases involving custody, company of the family residence and restraining orders denying access to the child by the other spouse. The B.C. courts ruled that these concepts didn't exist in 1867 when the BNA Act was drawn up, and that custody and access to children at that time was handled by superior courts. Provençal-appointed courts may therefore be acting "unconstitutionally." The question also casts doubt on the validity of adoption orders made in provincial courts.

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But as well, B.C. lawyers have been advising litigants in custody battles that new court fights would be pointless because they would produce the same result. "The court is very unwilling to change a *de facto* situation," explains Barbara Nelson, chairman of the family law section of the Canadian Bar Association's B.C. branch. "It would be loath to straddle itself around unless there was sufficient new evidence to justify it, the fact that an order is void is not sufficient reason." B.C. family court judge Douglas Campbell adds, "It's almost as terrifying that people don't want to know."



A case before the courts may invalidate many custody orders

But the less formal "split-level" atmosphere of the provincial family courts will be the most striking loss, according to custody counselors and family lawyers. Lynn King, a Toronto lawyer, says "Family courts are much kinder than others. It is also less intimidating for someone without a lawyer to go into family court." Proponents of the use of provincial family courts also charge that the superior courts are too expensive, and too complicated procedurally, for the majority of family law cases. Already British Columbia has seen a rapid decline in the use of family court paragraphs and so-

cially appeared, causing speculation that troubled families were letting their disputes fester instead of repairing them. Degraded of 110 provincial family court venues, families were apparently reluctant to travel to courts in larger centres. Says custody counsellor John Hannon: "This can be especially harmful for the children, who can go for four or five years in a troubled home."

The potentially low number of retrials in B.C.'s superior courts for families with void custody orders may be partially due to a desire to wait for the Supreme Court of Canada's final word, which can come as early as this week.



Campbell (left), Herman Komar (right) defend the validity of custody orders.



The lack of reaction on the B.C. front hasn't mitigated concerns in other provinces. Says Nelson, a family law expert in the Manitoba attorney-general's office, predicts the effect on the courts themselves will be "chaotic," and reflects warily on the first ministers' conference in September when the provinces came tentatively close to agreement on a transfer of family law jurisdiction to the provinces. One scheme is that if the Supreme Court does uphold the B.C. decision, the result could be a unified family court system—one-stop family law shopping under a single jurisdiction.

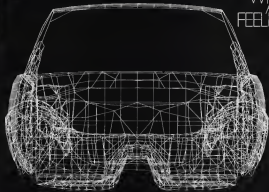
But as the possibilities of the still-obscure Polgias case slowly become apparent, the most overhyped issue in the psychological well-being of the children involved. "One of the most important aspects of custody matters is that kids get a quick, early definition of what the situation is," says Toronto social worker Michael Ringerman. "If all that is open again, I can see kids being tossed around."

With files from Royal NPW and Deane Lachner



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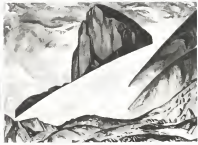
Defining the abstract

By Philip Monk

It is a frustrating reality that public taste in Canada is generally out of sync with the work of contemporary artists: the nation's heart lies with the landscapes of painters long dead. How we got from there to here—from the beloved Group of Seven to abstract art—is a major question in Canadian art history and the answer lies in part in Jack Macdonald. *The Inner Landscape*, this retrospective, which opened earlier this month at the Art Gallery of Ontario and travels to Windsor, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Vancouver during the next year, shows that the odd term painting took toward abstraction are not so illogical.

In English Canada, abstraction had its sources in a religiously spiritualism based on the Group of Seven's reverence of the North and the Theosophical religious beliefs shared by many artists of the time, notably Lauren Harris. As a bridge from the representational, Macdonald helped bring Canadian painting to the edge of abstraction, but he never turned from nature. While the exhibition highlights three periods of abstraction—the surrealized art deco of 1925 to 1941, the surrealist automatism of 1945 to 1966 and the fully abstract

'The Black Tusk, Guelph Park'
painting reduced to abstract shapes



'Petit Landscapes' subconscious thought freed from moral or esthetic fetters

inner landscapes of 1956 to 1968—a viewer could easily mistake his early paintings for those of the Group. The early '30s landscapes, such as *The Black Tusk*, Guelph Park with its undulating swirls of pastel color, show Macdonald's debt to his friend and colleague Fred Varley, as do the snow-laden stanzas of *In the White Forest* to Lauren Harris' heavy art nouveau-like

scavenges of two decades earlier. The innovation, more than a natural form in the world, was the elemental shape of a Theosophical spiritual triangle and symbolized a holy form for Macdonald, as it did for Varley. With painting reduced to abstract shapes, the artist could compose and harmonize forms as a musician weaves melodies.

Macdonald immediately translated this artistic credo into the capacious symbolism of *Abode* as the jam flavoured fantasy of *The Wave*. These double designs, which he called meditations or thought forms in the turn-of-the-century Theosophical jargon, were not accurate likenesses of the visual effects of sea, wind or rain as much as the artist's dwelling about them. Even the best European abstractionists, such as Mondrian and Kandinsky, reached their paintings in this language in their esthetic and spiritual search for the fourth, fifth and sixth dimensions. Unfortunately, in their quest for modernity these paintings have an overwrought decorativeness and sometimes look like bad cocktail lounge murals.

What led Macdonald away from this rigid symbolism toward a freer painting style was his discovery of automatism, an attempt to reveal subconscious thought freed from understood moral or esthetic fetters. Macdonald loosely laid watercolor onto the

paper with as much as subject in mind. Lane came later to interpret the forms and create the suggested business landscapes, with some telegraphs in *Arctic Wilderness*, *Fireworks* in *Providence World*, doming skiffs, cartoon ink and other kinds in *Autumn Fantasy*. Two constant themes were sea and sky, regenerative nature was metaphor of the artist's creative act. *Petit Landscapes*, based in part on Kandinsky's early automatic watercolors, evokes an anarchic space through jangled blood red and cool blue color planes while still reminiscent of an exploding world as a wild bouquet of flowers.

Macdonald was not able to abandon the cramped linearity and transitive the loose freedom of the automatism until well into 1950. While teaching at the Ontario College of Art he found the conservative faculty hostile—tearing down his posters for contemporary exhibitions—but there was enthusiastic support from a small group of students and fellow painters. In 1958, after the group exhibition *Abstracts at Moore*, a display of paintings in the furniture showroom of Simpsons, several painters banded together as the Painters Eleven, including: Ronald Thom, William Scollard and the late Jack Bush. Macdonald was de facto leader of Toronto's first abstractionists, and after one of their exhibitions he wrote, "The Group of Seven is all but dead." His bravado was premature in spite of exhibitions and acclaim outside Canada by eminent critics such as Sir Herbert Read and Clement Greenberg, local success, wanted on landscapes and academic portrait painting, was not overwhelming.

But Macdonald had found his style and his paintings were in demand; after seeing his 1957 Hart House exhibition Robert Palfrey wrote that he was "without question the best young painter in Canada even though he was born in 1897." With the discovery of a plastic-based paint that he mixed with oils, he was able to work with the speed and audacity of watercolor, but as a longer scale. The images in his paintings no longer broke into space as in a Rembrandt painting. With no ground reference, the overlapping transparent planes hazy and fugitive in their own space, the soft, expressively brushed organic forms of *Penny Saver* create their own Salmisho floating world of languid yellow light. In 1960, the last year of his life, titles ranged from *Governing Serenity* to *Glennwald Farm*, the latter with its somber blues and autumnal browns as heajural in feeling as his flight to abstraction as a stormy Georgian Bay by Varley. By following the currents and inner sources of his art, this pioneer brought a generation of artists to the birth of abstraction.

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A nation being asked for identification

PORTRAIT OF CANADA

by June Calhoun
(Wednesday, \$19.95)

CANADA LOST/CANADA FOUND
by Peter Desbaries
(McClatchy and Stewart, \$9.95)

First there was the Canadian identity crisis. And it began at a frolicery bewailing the lack of the Canadian identity in the Canadian identity. But this is not the sort of motto that would look good stamped under a banner or a nickel, so it passed from witless to cliché without effect. The search goes on for some characteristic common to all Canadians, or separate but equal characteristics, or a single shared ideal of a united future. While Peter Desbaries follows this searching tradition in *Canada Lost/Canada Found*, June Calhoun's *Portrait of Canada* takes the reader to an unexpected and fruitful direction backward. Calhoun seems to claim that our identity is our past, not our character. Her vision of Canada is not What-This-Great-Land-Could-Become-If-Only-It-Were-Here, but How-It-Got-This-Way, and it works. If our identity seemslessly binds, this is because it is made from a many tangled strands or yarn. Calhoun tells this yarn well, without ignoring the seams.

Calhoun does not try to write Canadian history out of one predominant circumstance, nor does she insist that it all

must illustrate one basic theme. Yet she has a consistent point of view that Canada's history is bound to the history of the continent as a whole. "The central fact of North American history is that there were fifteen British colonies before 1776. Thirteen rebelled and two did not." Her themes emerge slowly in her presentation of nearly 500 of Canada's years (1496 to 1986), and her treatment is rough written, overhanded and fair.



Calhoun (above, *Portrait of a Nation of the Future*) and Desbaries (below, *Canada Found*) are two of the authors of *Portrait of a Nation of the Future*.

There is a history of events, not of people of the hundreds of characters she introduces, few are given more than a one-line sketch, and their actions do the speaking. She is not seeking heroes and rarely finds them. Mountain Man Steele is an exception, and he is so improbably virtuous that we are annoyed by him more than we admire him. More common are squabbling villagers of greed, misunderstanding, and other evils, and exploring the land.

If at first she seems to fail in finding a grand design in Canadian history, it is because she lets it speak for itself. We

and with a better idea of who we are, which, after all, is the aim of the search for identity, those who want merely a muddle one-sentence formulation are in fact not looking for themselves but for their stereotype.

Desbaries' *Canada Lost/Canada Found* gives a more direct and less successful depiction of Canada. But, as the sub-title announces, it really is a polemic. This is what is called a "polemic" book, meaning it attempts to reach by getting aggressively negative. Much of the book recounts the ways and means of Canadian failure in the familiar way the United States dominates our economy, the bureaucracy stifles creativity, and so on. Desbaries hopes that by acknowledging that "The most characteristic Canadian passion, and the only one that joins us from coast to

coast, is envy," we can begin to see a way out. But he seems rather than to see a way out. It is difficult to derive a political program—Desbaries' aim—for whose cause are we to take? Quebec? Alberta's? Sir John A.'s? What really are these issues? The book leads a disappointing hollow way to Desbaries' effort, albeit a well-intentioned, honorable intention. As Calhoun's book reminds us, a vision of the future is not enough, even if we drive toward it with Desbaries' considerable passion. Canadians also need a passion for the truth about our past.

—DAVID WEINSTEIN

Rich imaginings, queently sadness

TAR BABY

by Tom Morris
(Morrow House, \$15.95)

Compared to the democracy of television and Hollywood cinema—their shared sensibility, their acquaintance—a novel is like a small exotic kingdom. The experience of crossing the border into this private world can be richly rewarding, the culture shock the language sounds like a foreign tongue, the air weighed down by strange perfumes,



Atwood, *Chloe of the Olden Days*

the locale all absorbed in private jokes. This is the case with *Tar Baby*, the fourth novel by the author of *Song of Solomon*, the sheer integrity of her vision requires an act of adjustment on the part of the reader. Not TV or a self-help book, but something more demanding—a novel of trust, teaching, unassuming and rich imaginings.

The story begins on a Caribbean island where Valeria, a mixed-race woman, and her younger wife, Margaret, quarrel over children as they wait on in a black hotel and its wife. It's clear that this is a

plantation of sorts, and one of the problems has been Valeria, the hotel's beautiful mixed-race and the apple of the white folk's eyes.

Jadine, a "sponge-colored" girl with pink eyes, was sent to school in Paris with Valeria's money, where she became an educated model. From Jadine will go to her own business in New York. For the moment, she is back visiting her old family, this refined black-and-white distant in the middle of an island of purple and fog. Then, in five 18th-century novel style, the Stranger arrives.

One evening, Margaret discovers a black man in her closet—a wild-looking intruder with "Mass Man, Africa, chin-gang hair." Her husband personally invites the man to dinner, and somehow the film finds everything about that. The stranger, in his turn is a Sat, an American street black and an "undocumented" whose violence, rhetoric and beauty are everything that Jadine, black woman of the future, hoped the had left behind. The romance between them—between this more-than-black past and her less-than-white future—forms the emotional core of this unambiguously nuanced novel. They must find other native mind, Manhattan. "The smart thin trees in Fifty-third Street refreshed her," writes Morrison, who is concerned when the suburban her rather restless. Inevitably to write about their love, and about a city with "black

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The cumulative effect can be very moving, but it never has an edge. Perhaps some ugliness would have served Morrison's tale better than such beautiful reminders of sugar and betrayal. Her only real flaw is this self-consciousness. It's as if the fact that she writes like the black Faulkner of New York—as powerfully and originally—had not entirely escaped her notice. —MARC JACKSON

- 1 The Covenant, *Mercury* (4)
- 2 XPIA, *Orion* (6)
- 3 The Key to Rebeck, *Falset* (4)
- 4 Brown, *Coal* (6)
- 5 Fire-burner, *King* (4)
- 6 Haze of Anarchy, *Shelby* (4)
- 7 The Ghosts of Africa, *Berenson* (4)
- 8 Canadian, *Violet* (2)
- 9 Come Face the Moon, *Foreman* (10)
- 10 Years in Time, *Merleau* (10)

- 1 The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, *Excerpt 17*
- 2 *Comes, Supra* 13
- 3 *Comes-Bevins, Supra* 13
- 4 The Northern Viceroy, *Excerpt 14*
- 5 The Chomco, *Excerpt 16*

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70 min	0.00	0.00
71 min	0.00	0.00
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97 min	0.00	0.00
98 min	0.00	0.00
99 min	0.00	0.00
100 min	0.00	0.00

Original	548 x	mm
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Who was that masked beekeeper?

Trudeau wants Mother England to do the dirty work that Canada can't

By Allan Fotheringham

Zones, Dr. Fotheringham, I certainly am glad to bump into you. Pray tell, what is the exact specificity of the totality of your ignorance this time?

It's this constitution issue. My head is aching with glue listening and reading about the differing opinions. Why do we have to ask the flipping Brits about what is our business anyway?

Because Canada, you see, is made up of differing strains of blood. Those who descend from the Brits were once a majority in this country but are slowly declining into a minority and they are nervous.

What's that got to do with it?

More than 1000 years. They want to keep us free, for safety's sake, back with Mother England. They feel more comfortable that way. That's why they now call Canada Between North is the drawing room of the international set. We are thumb-suckers in the world of constitutional-drawing.

So?

So Pierre Trudeau, as you may have noticed, is not an English-Canadian, is tired of this wretched agency string crawling across the Atlantic and wishes to cover it with his own present front teeth.

Doesn't he seem to be in a bit of a hurry?

Of course. He believes that renaissance can happen only in many times and on next attempt his shuttle may flame out on an entry into the ionosphere, or Margaret's next book, whichever is quicker.

Does he have any plans?

Naturally, he plans to become a beekeeper in rural Quebec, meanwhile getting his groove in People magazine with a succession of Texas honeys.

Does he have a secret, subtle plan to bring the constitution home?

Yes, about as subtle as a chain saw. It is to make public enemies of the eight.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

premiers who are trying to come to an accommodation with him. Treat them as transient shoe salesman.

In this leadership?

No one has ever accused Mr. Trudeau of being a leader. He is a Peter Pan who demands from the sky each election and accepts anointment as a benevolent despot. Democracy hates him.

How do you know that?

Simple. The other day he said there was an element of "disunion" in the tactics of the Conservatives who forced

stay in work? It's like economists—or doctors. The more opinions abound, the more money's around. It's a free-lance sport, actually.

So where does this leave us, now they're really all gung about this out in Yuc. B.C.?

It leaves us, when the nonsense in the Commons is finished and presuming the Supreme Court rules in favor of Trudeau, with a package that will be endorsed in Susan wrap by June 15 and ready for delivery to London.

And still that be enough time to make Trudeau a July 1 deadline?

Of course not. The Brits are all involved these days in seeing the Union Jack on their benches, their highest form of patriotism. They're having some sort of wedding there in July and colonial frigories are far down the track.

So where do we go from here?

Well, Mr. Trudeau could make all his constitutional changes here in Canada—*amend-in-Canada* constitution, so to speak.

That sounds logical. Why doesn't he do it?

Because that's what the Gang of Eight proposes. If the idea comes from the provinces, it automatically can't be any good. That's the basic tenet of Ottawa life.

So you're saying that Trudeau, as a French-Canadian who wants to get rid of the links with Mother England, is going to Mother England to get done what he can't get done in Canada?

By George, I think you've got it.

So to prove to eight of the 10 provinces that he knows what's good for them, he's going to get another country to do his dirty work?

You're finally beginning to eliminate your ignorance.

Is this not liable to sour federal-provincial relations for some years?

You've seen the light.

Doesn't Mr. Trudeau now?

No, he'll be off with his bees and his honey.

God, Dr. Fotheringham, you really helped to muddy the situation for me.

Anytime.



Illustration by [illegible]

him in the Commons to send his constitutional package to the Supreme Court of Canada before he sends it to the bored staff of Westminster.

What's the definition of fascism?

All respected dictionaries define it as the methods utilized by anyone who disagrees with Pierre Trudeau's concept of the universe.

That certainly doesn't include Mr. Richard Brinsford. Where does he stand—or sit?

Basically check-to-check. The star leader has a problem in that the Saskatchewan portion of his caucus has scattered like the gophers. His other western members are (illegible) and what he has left in Ontario is about as solid as the recall cars in his Ontario sales plant.

The only thing I can't understand is all these differing local opinions. High judges in Manitoba, Newfoundland and Quebec come to amorously disparate judgments on the same set of facts.

If judges agreed, how could they all

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